

No. 73

JANUARY

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BIG
SHOT

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**A STEERING
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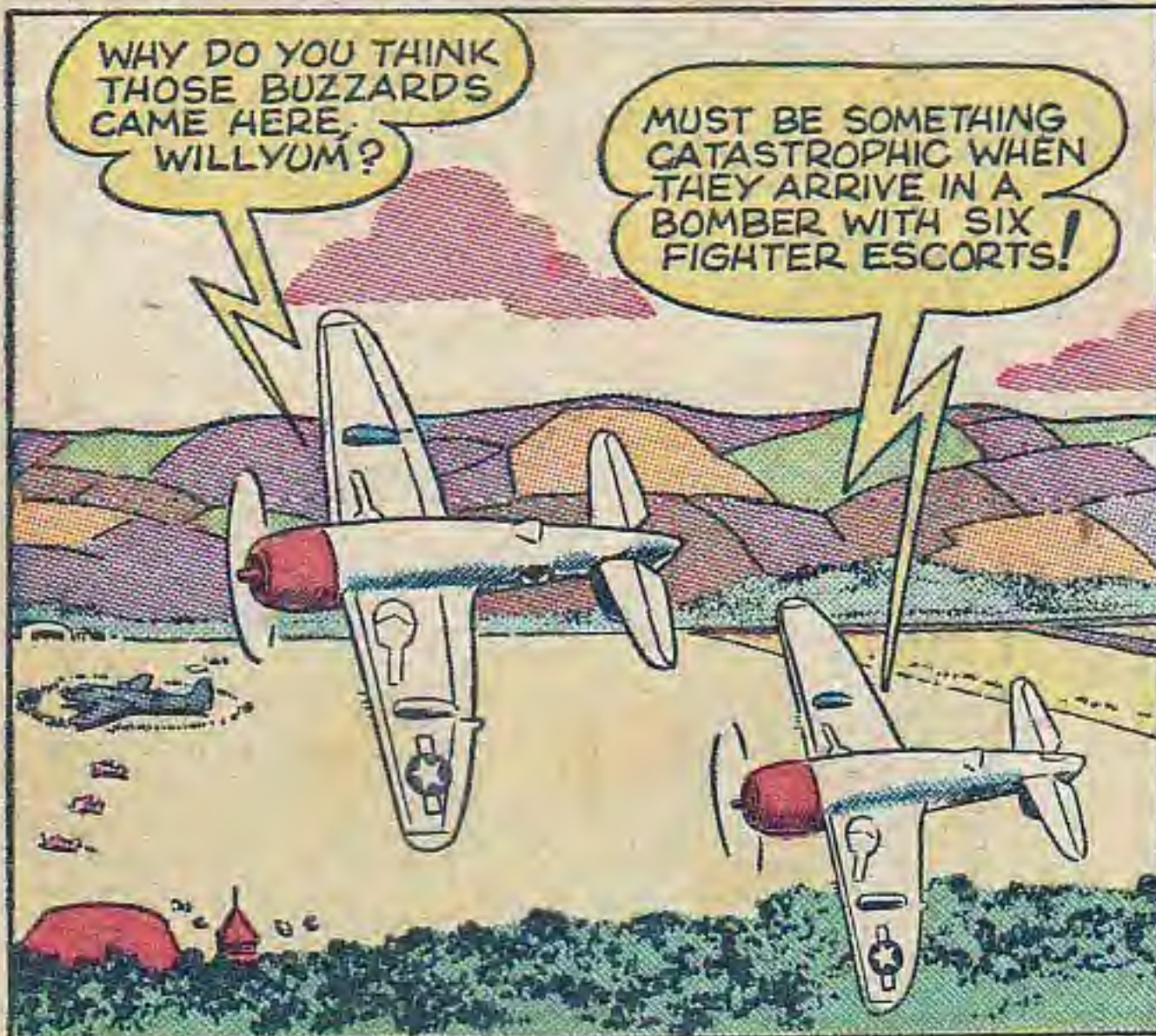
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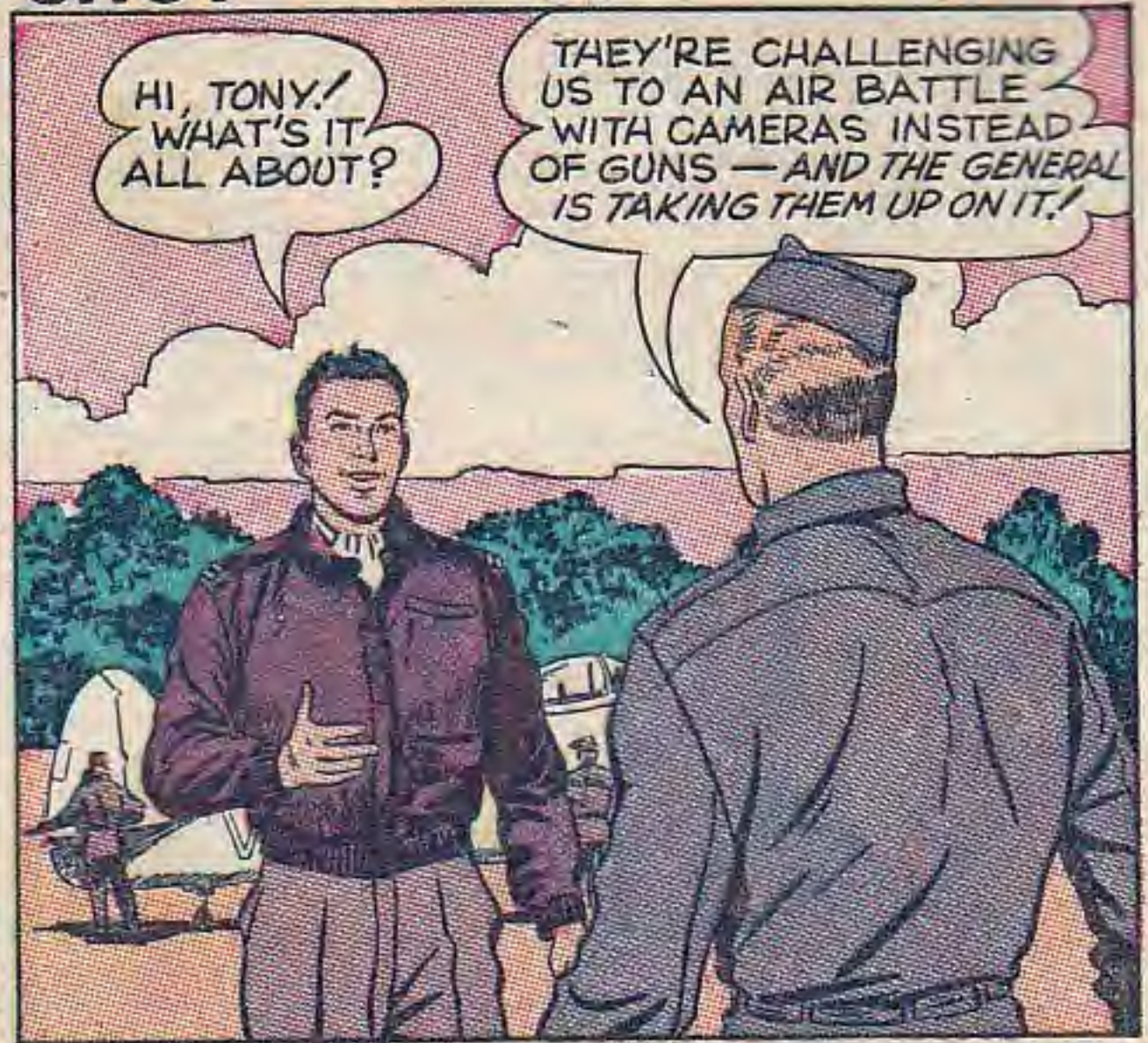
by MART BAILEY



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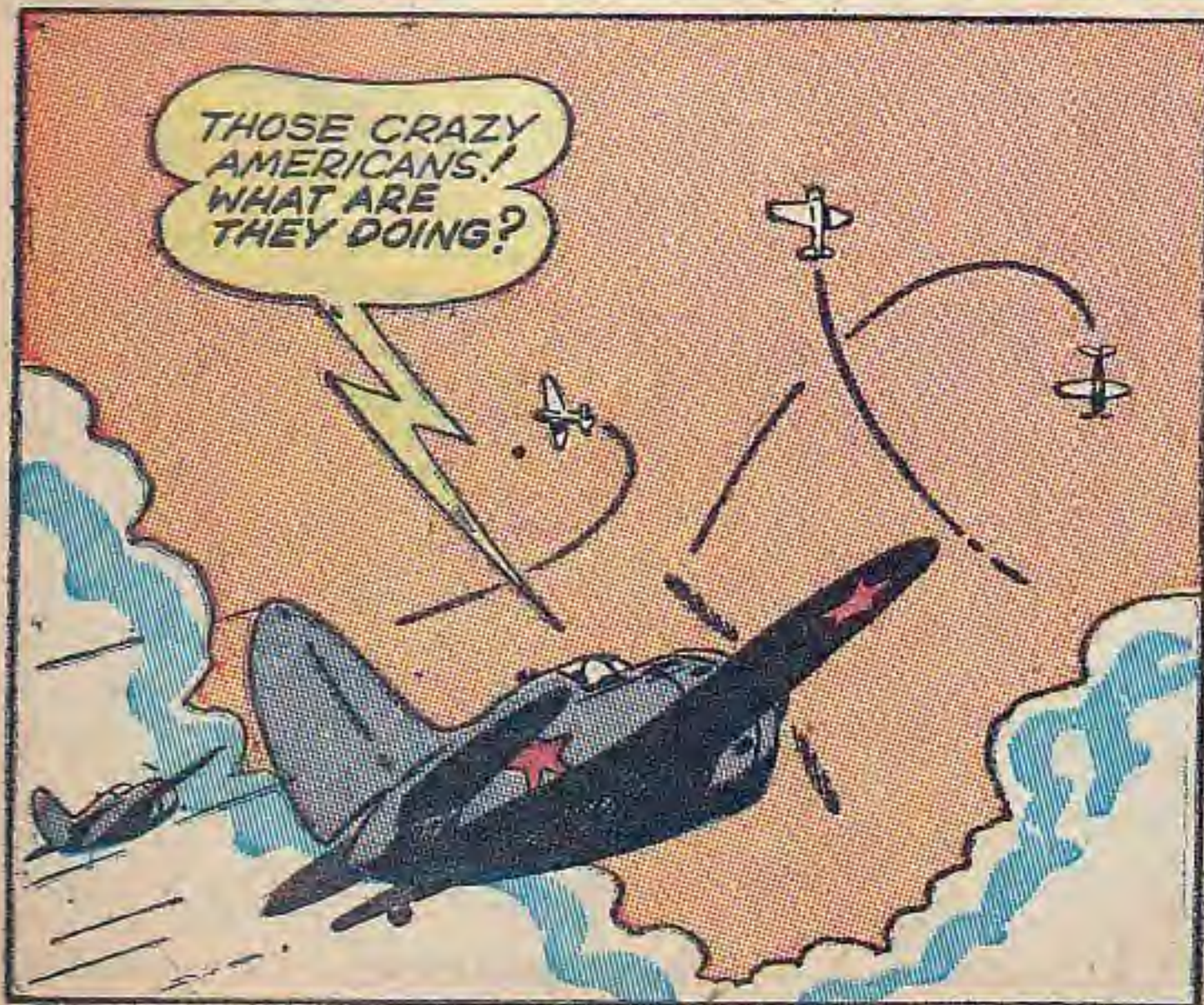
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



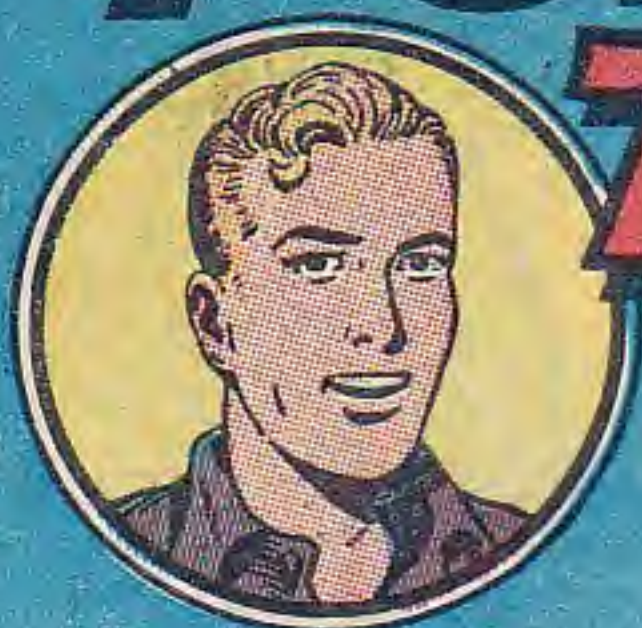
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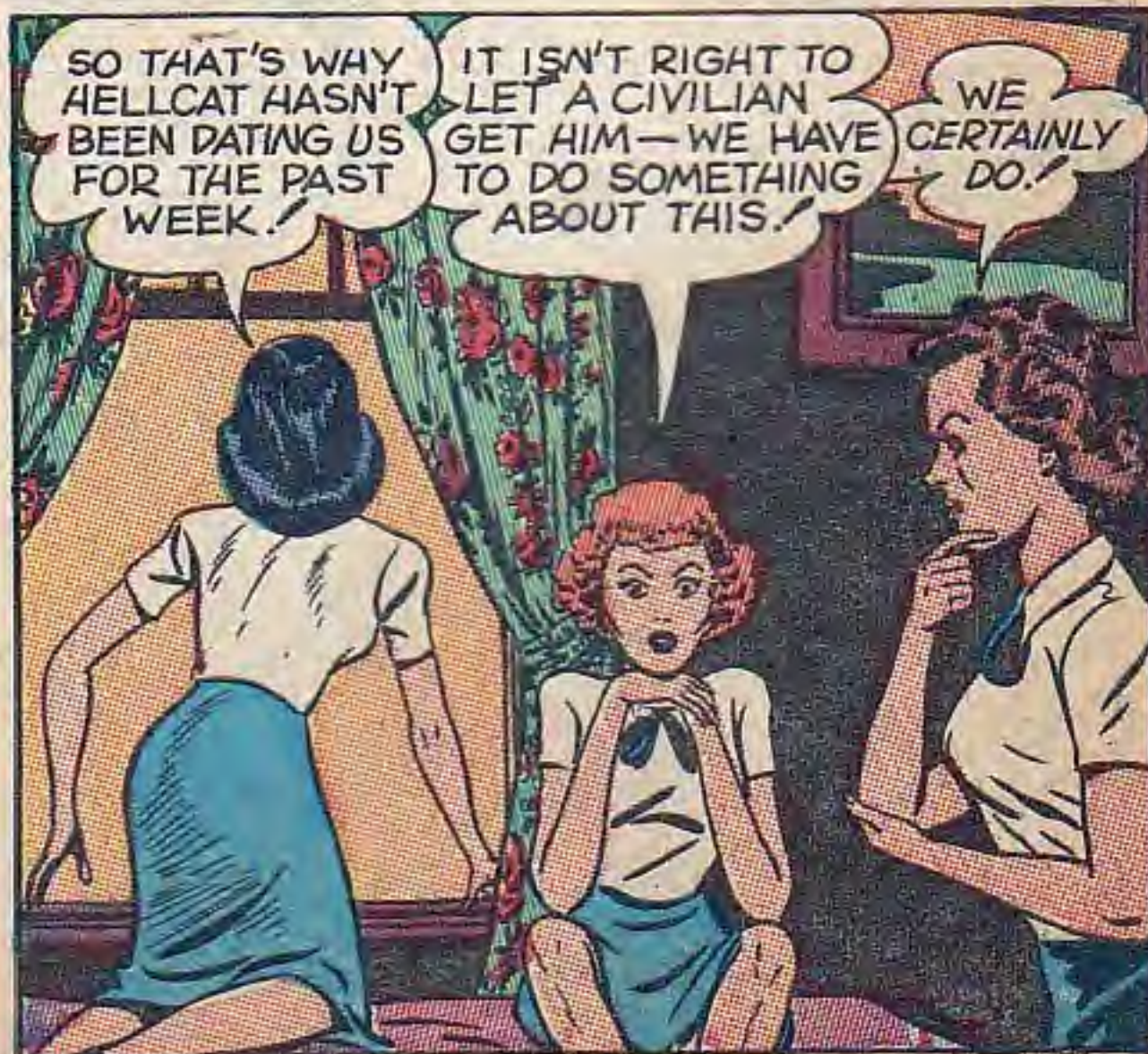
IN THIS SAME ISSUE...ANOTHER TONY TRENT ADVENTURE

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



IT'S GOING TO BE JUST LIKE THAT MASSACRE SOME YEARS AGO, BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, WHEN THE WAR PARTY MURDERED MOST OF THE BIG JAP STATESMEN OVERNIGHT!

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, JERRY?



THAT LITTLE MAN IN THE GRAY SUIT JUST TOLD ME —

AND IF WE CAN'T SAVE HIM, THOSE THREE THUGS IN THE ALLEY ARE GOING TO KILL HIM FOR TELLING YOU!



AMERICAN SOLDIERS!

LET THEM COME! THEY ARE THE ONES WHOM THIS DOG INFORMED OF OUR PLOT — IT IS BETTER THAT WE KILL THEM NOW, TOO!

IS SO!



WHO CALLED THIS A PEACEFUL OCCUPATION?

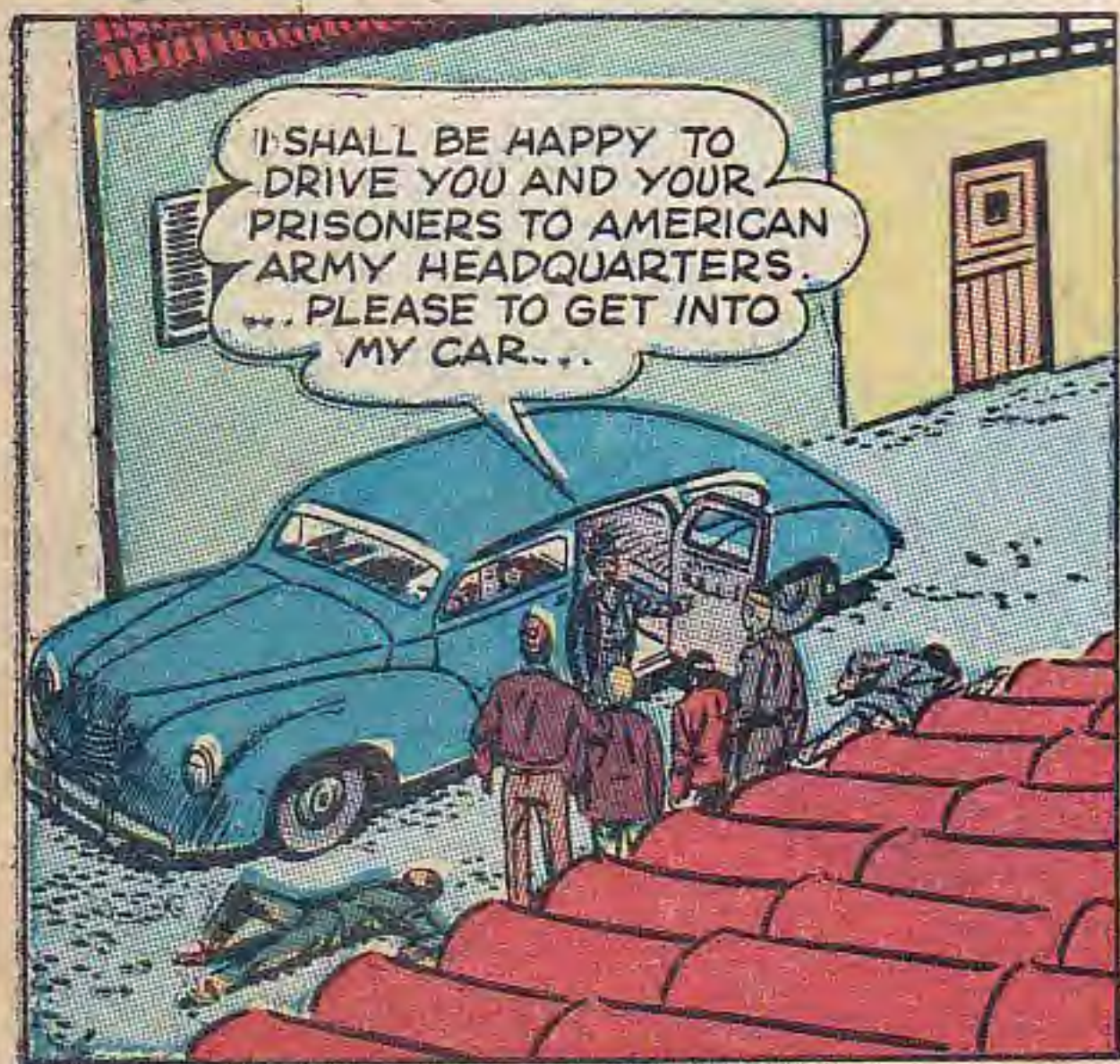


LOOK OUT, TONY!

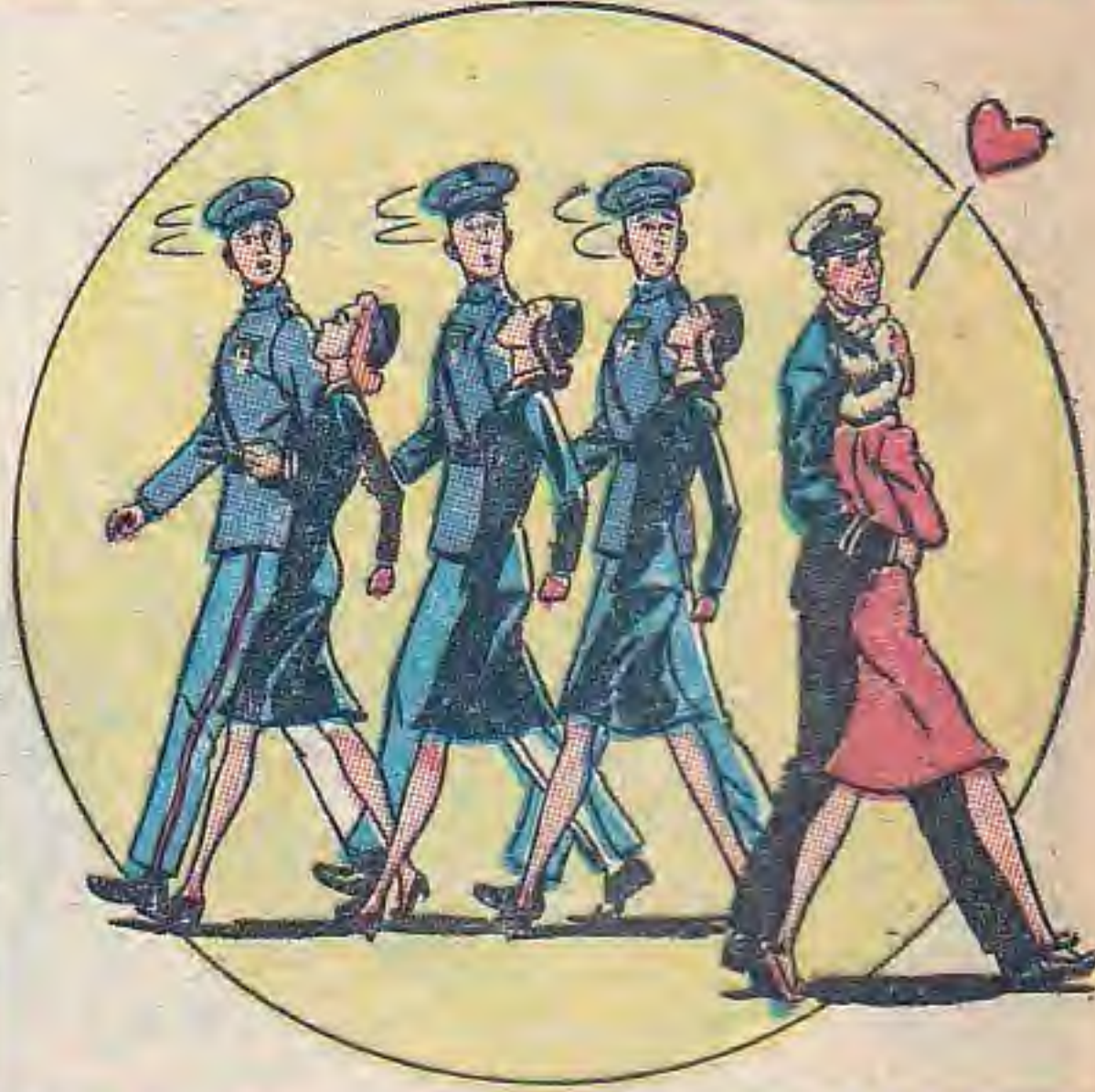
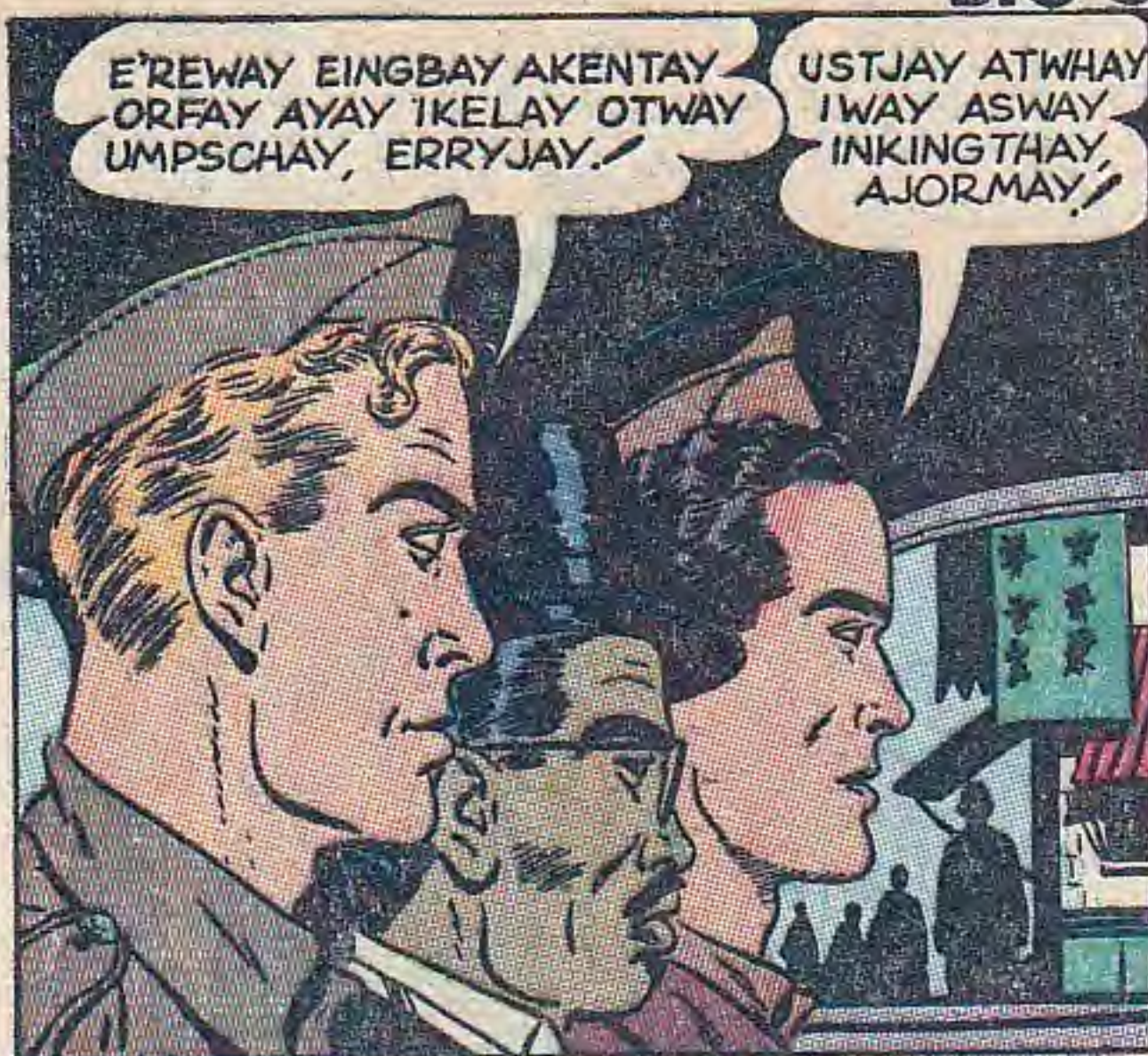


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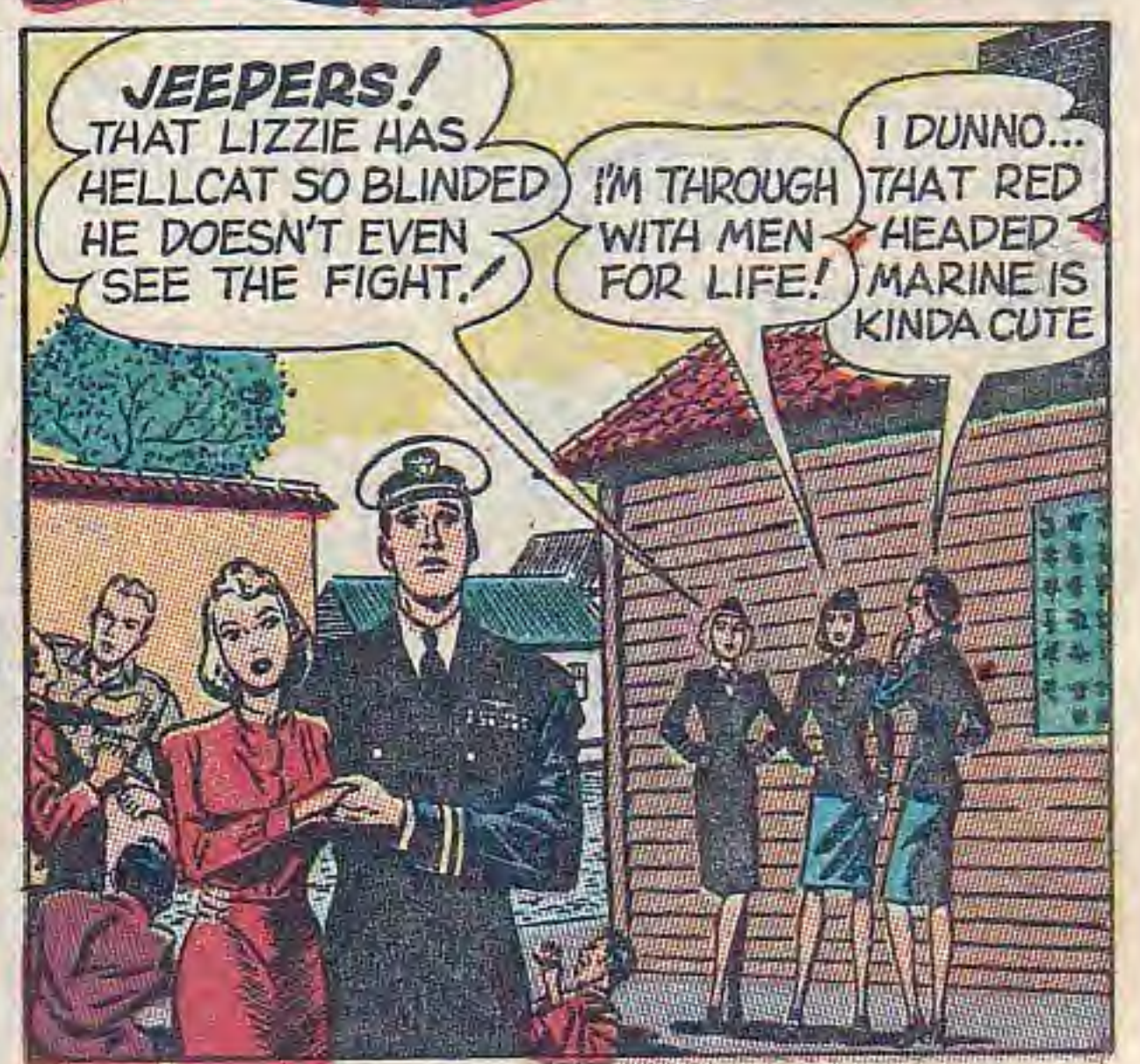
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

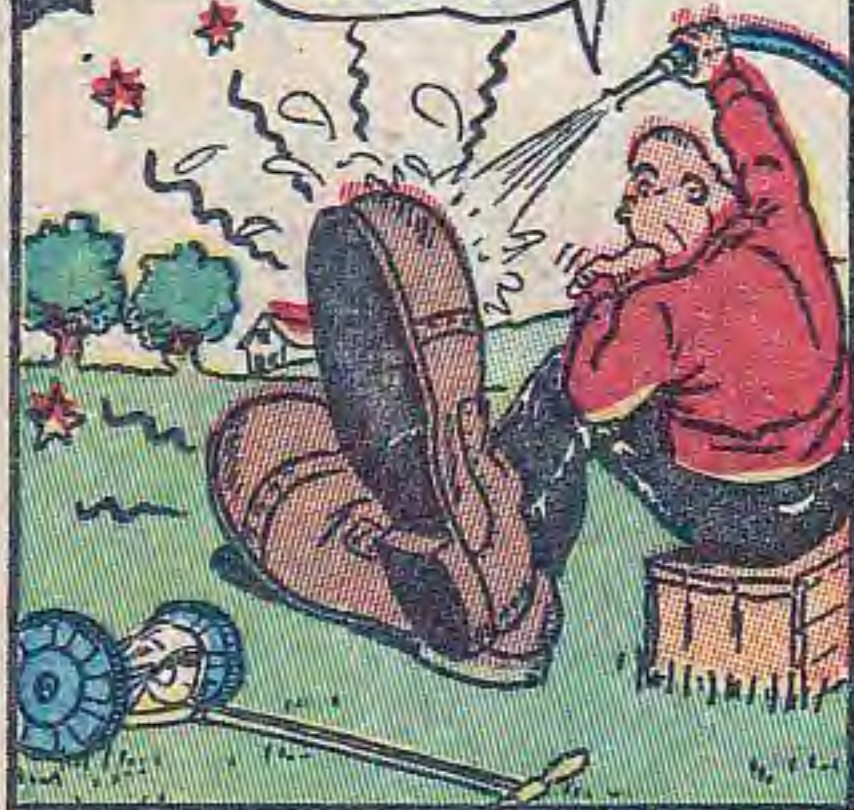


SPARKY WATTS

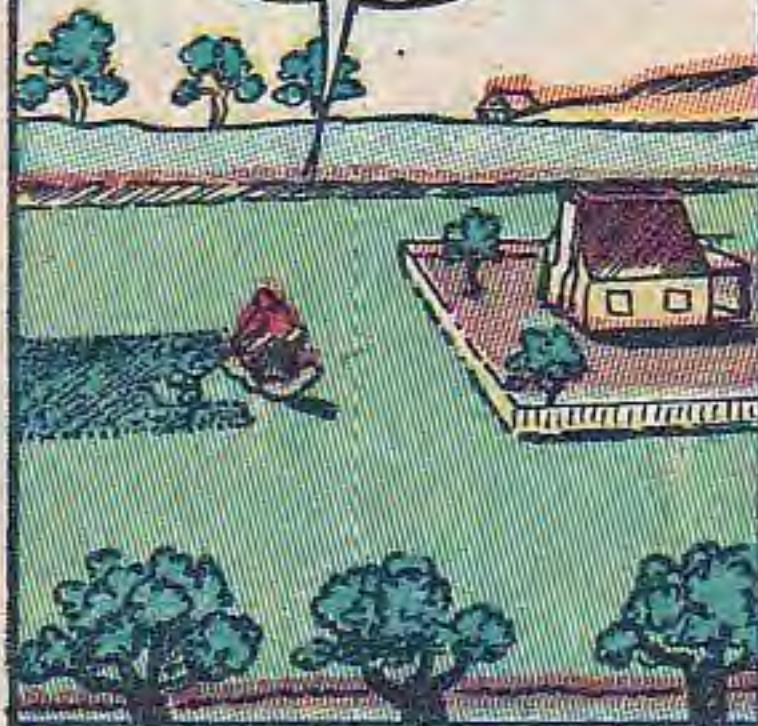


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WOW! I ALMOST WORE MY FEET DOWN TO STUMPS CUTTING THIS TEN ACRES OF GRASS- WHEW!



NINE HOURS WITH THIS LAWN MOWER-BUT WILL I SURPRISE DOC AND SPARKY!! (UGH)



DOC SAID HE'D HAVE A SURPRISE FOR ME BUT NOTHING CAN OUT-SHINE THIS JOB! (WHEW)



AAGH! I'M ALMOST FINISHED- OH! HERE COME DOC AND SPARKY- I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE CARRYING?



BUT, SLAPHAPPY, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO CUT ANY OF THIS GRASS!

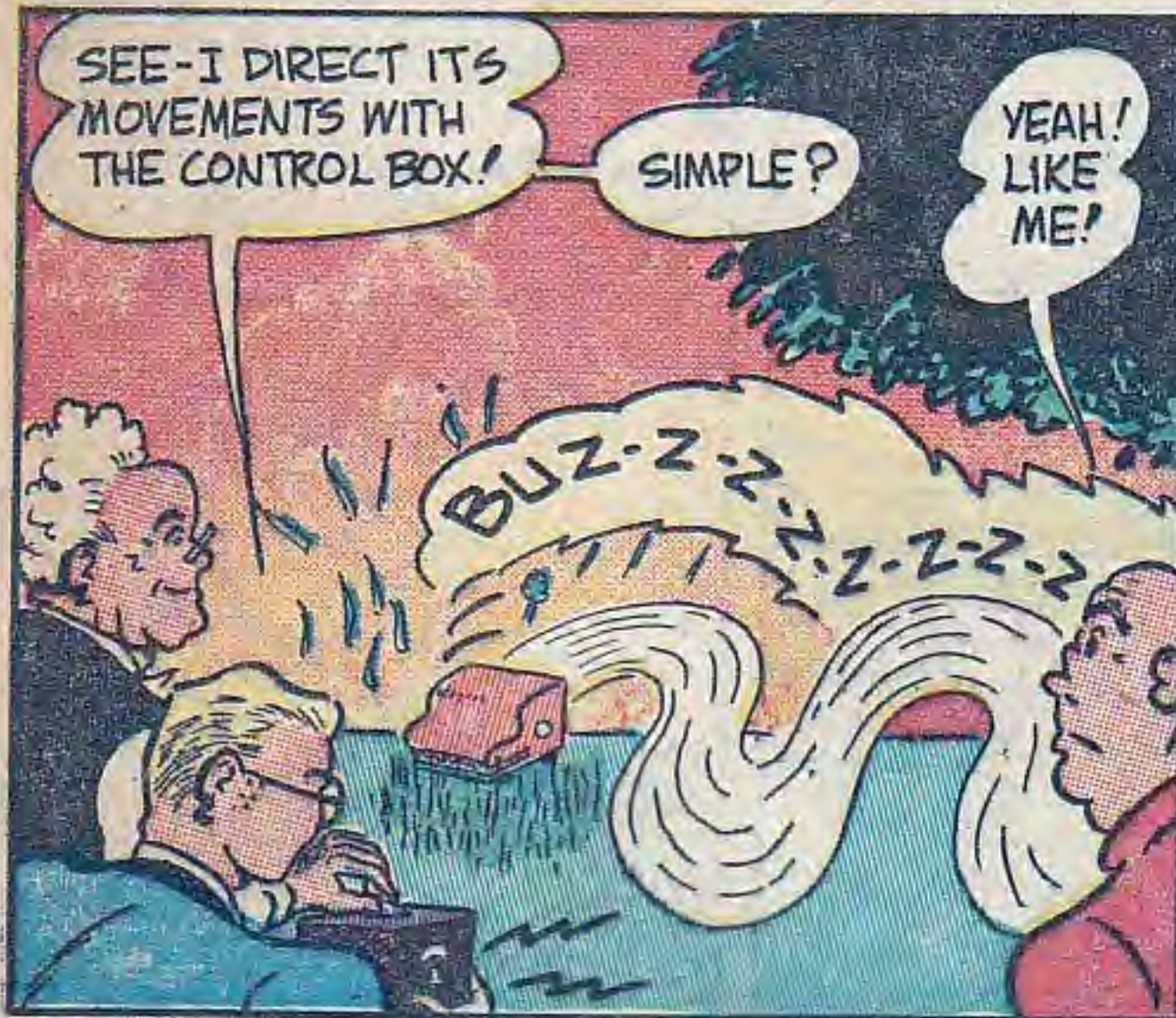
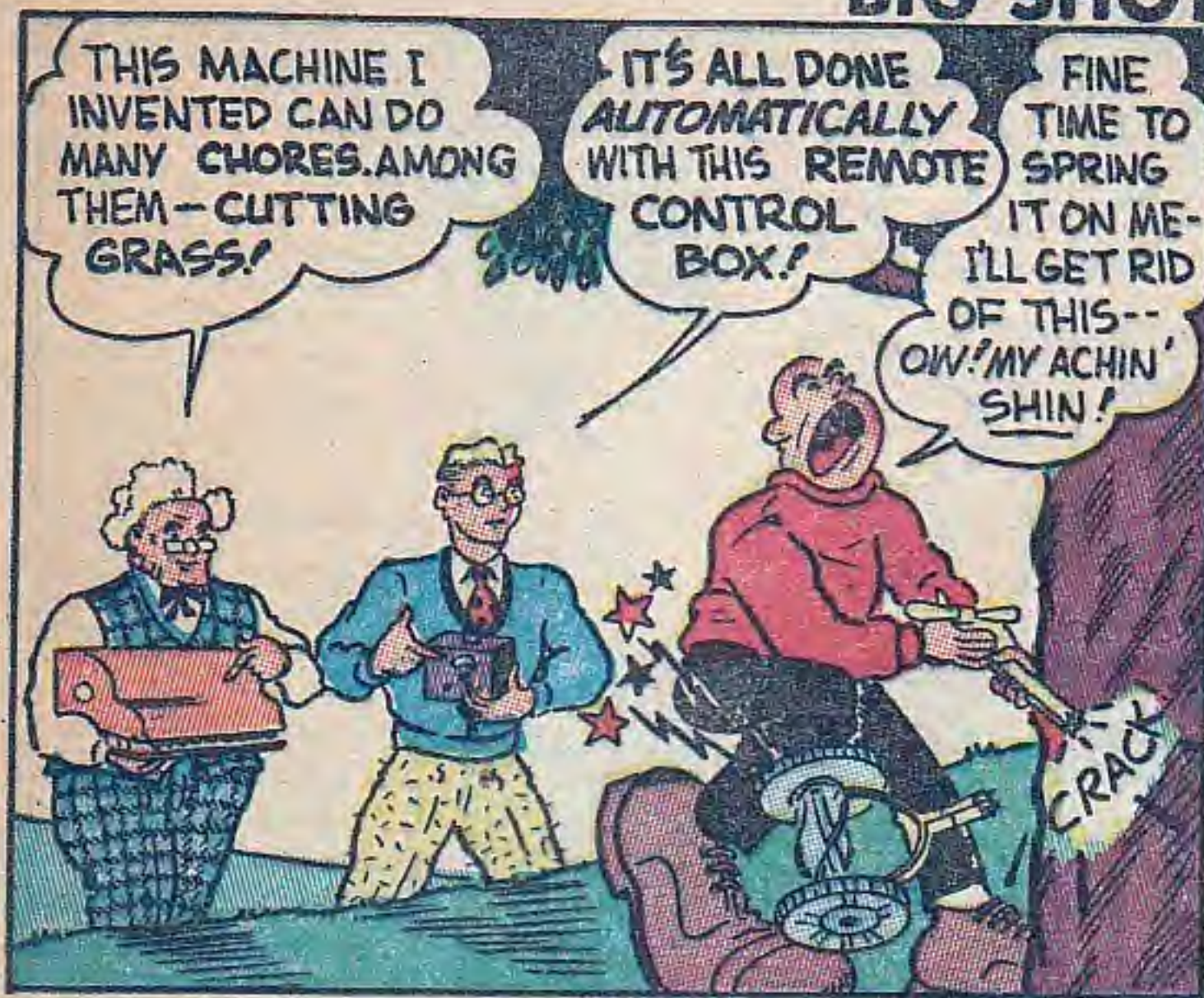


NO-WE WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU WITH THIS AUTOMATIC LAWN MOWER!



YAK! YUK! YAAAA!

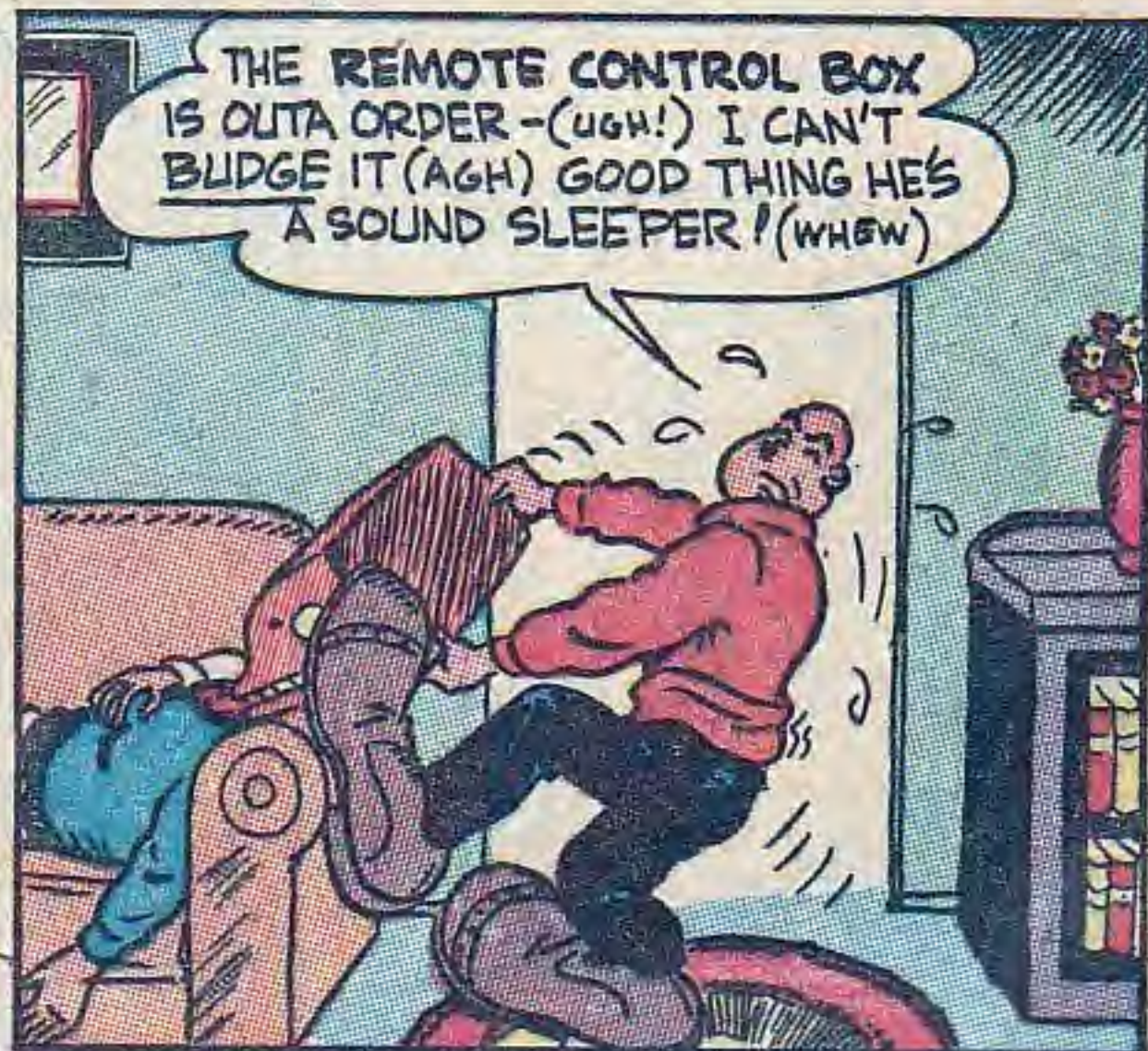
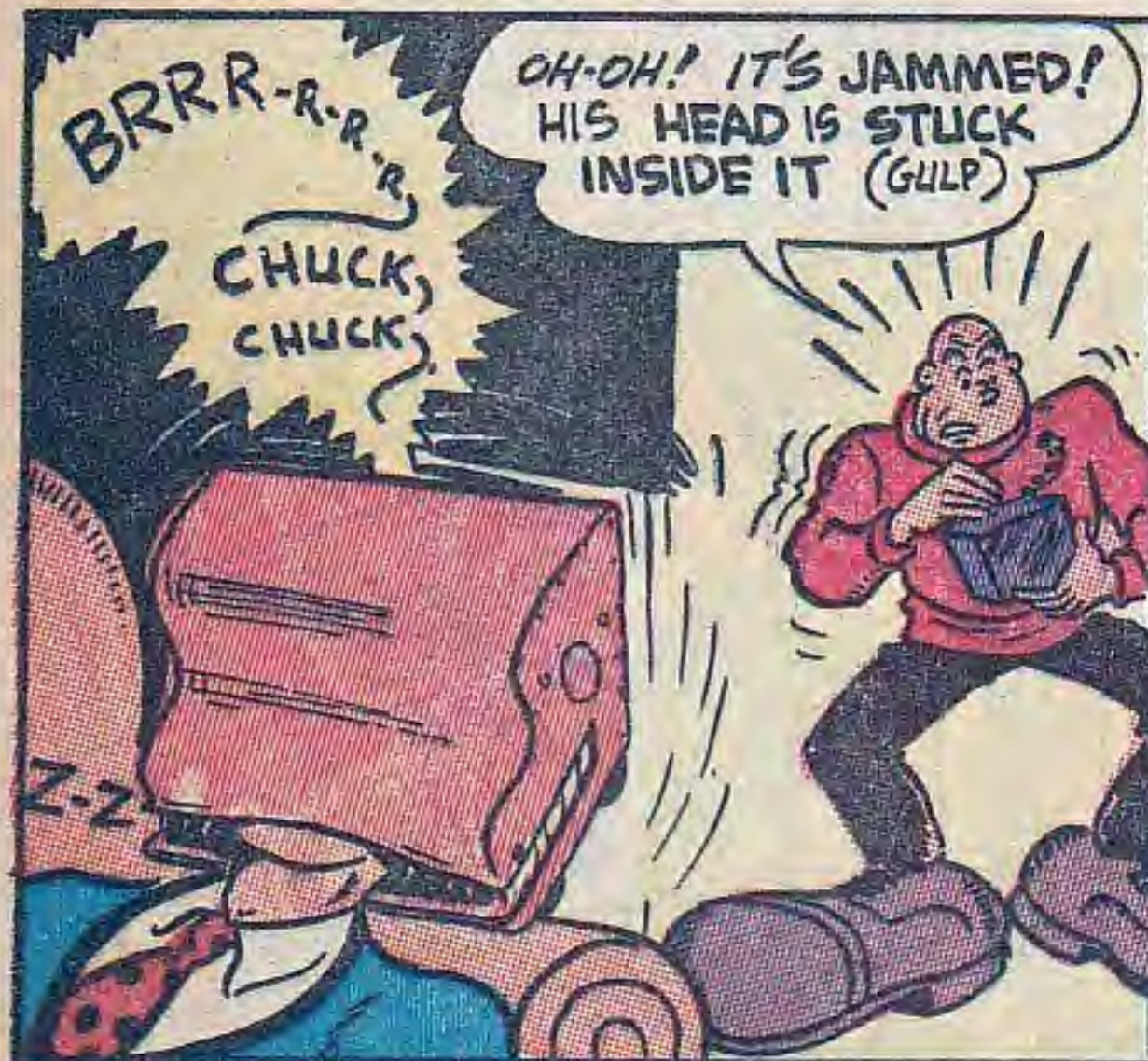
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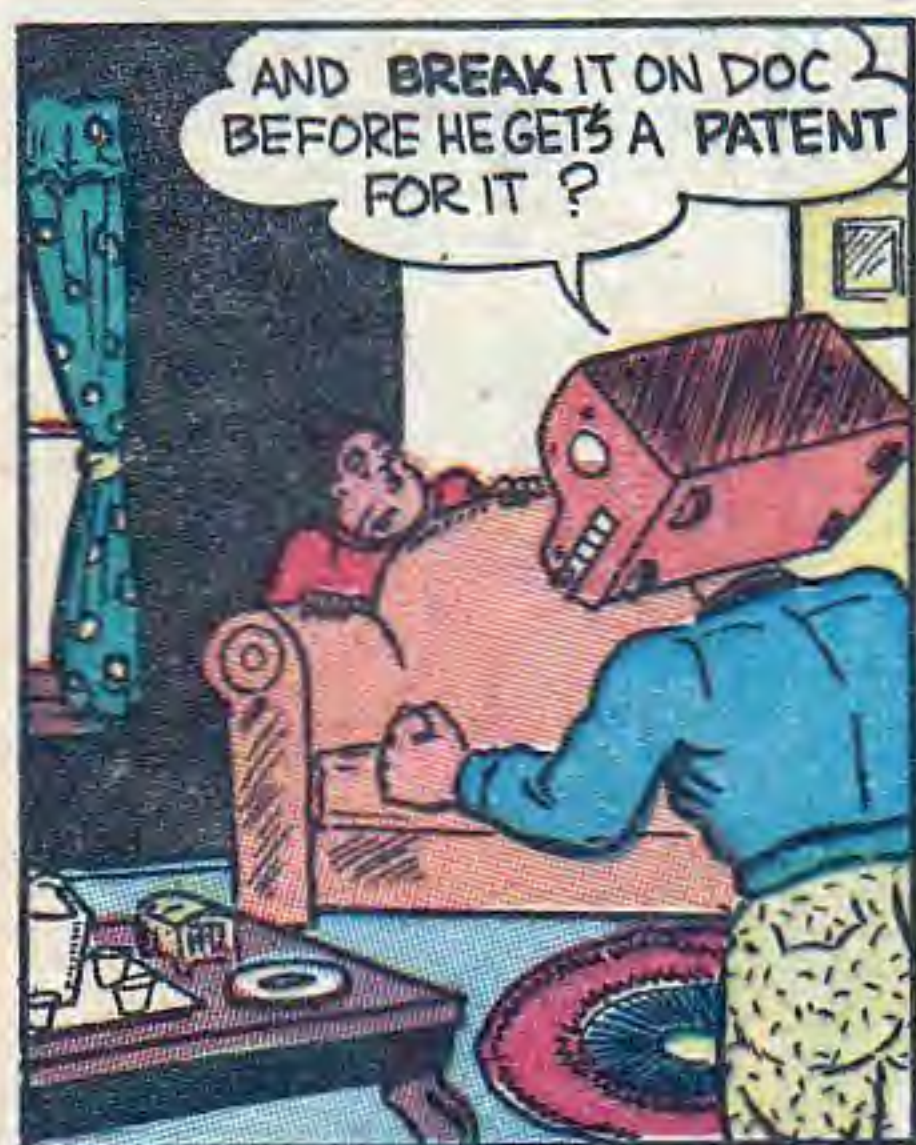
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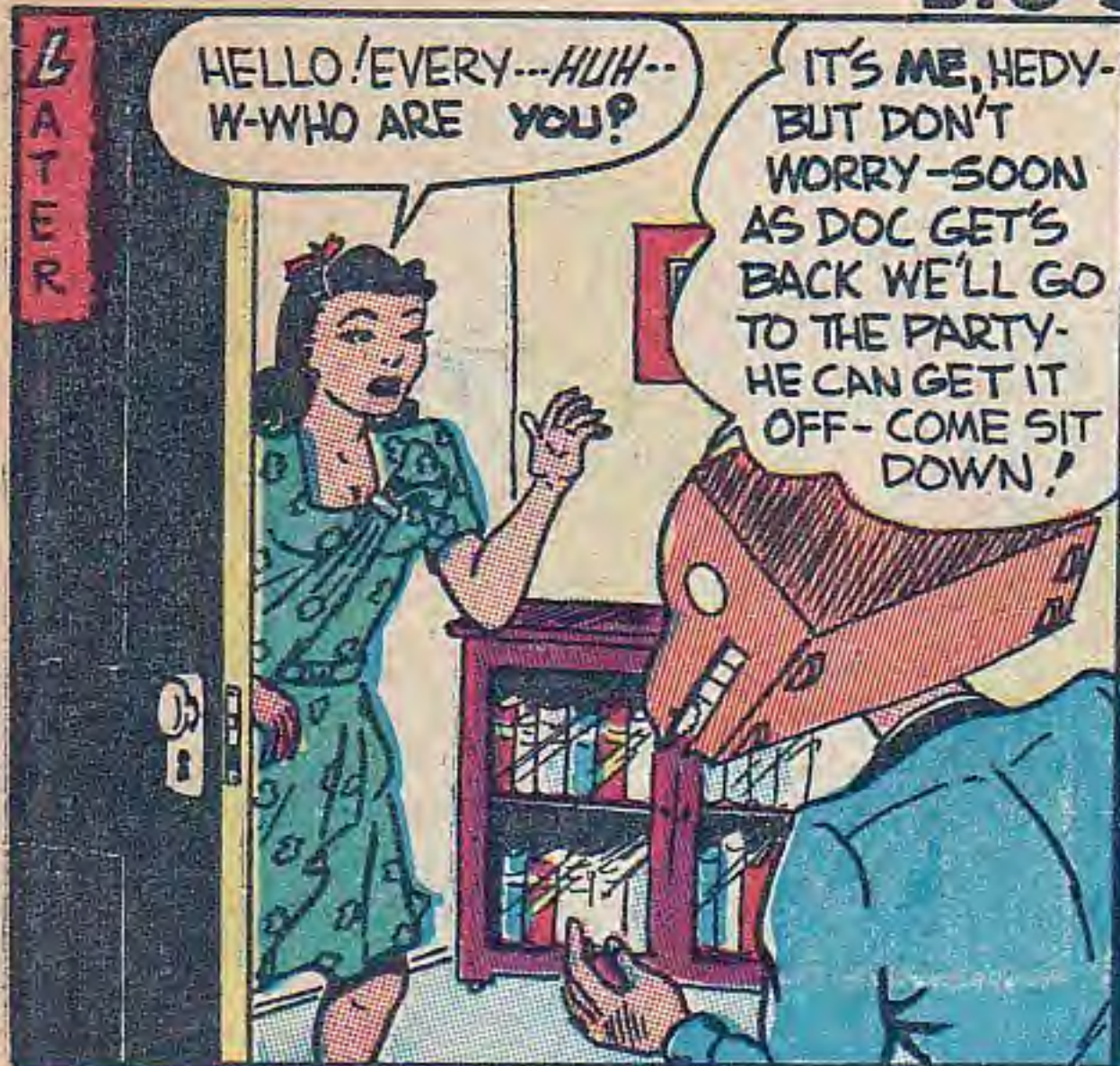
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BIG SHOT

All In A Lifetime



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF BIG SHOT, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York
County of New York

ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared FRANK J. MARKEY, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the BIG SHOT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Editor, NONE.

Managing Editor, THOMAS DE ANGELO, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Business Manager, FRANK J. MARKEY, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Columbia Comic Corporation, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Charles V. McAdam, R. F. D. No. 4, Greenwich, Conn.

Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

Frank J. Markey, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRANK J. MARKEY,

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of September, 1946.

ELIZABETH C. REMLEIN,

Notary Public.

Kings County Clerk's No. 271; Kings County Register's No. 137-R7; New York County Clerk's No. 47; New York County Register's No. 655-R7.

Commission expires March 30, 1947.



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BIG SHOT

CRANBERRY BOGGGS

by
DON DEAN

IT TAKES AN OL' SALT TA
TURN OUT A REPAIR JOB
SECH AS THAT. I BE
RIGHT PROUD OF ME
WORK!

AYE, CAP'N GRAMPS
YE MADE HER LOOK
LIKE NEW!

BETTER
THAN
NEW!
(CHUCKLE)

NOW C'MON,
WE'LL DELIVER
TH' CRAFT TA
JUDGE TORYS
PLACE.

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!

I'LL SIT BACK IN TH' BOAT
AN' KEEP AN EYE ON
THINGS.

OKAY!
HERE WE
GO!

FIVE MILES LATER

OOOOH!
(GROAN)

A-A-AHOY, CRANBERRY,
S-S-STOP TH'
BLASTED AUTY!

SUFFERIN'
SARDINES!
W-WHY YE'RE--

AYE---
SEA SICK!

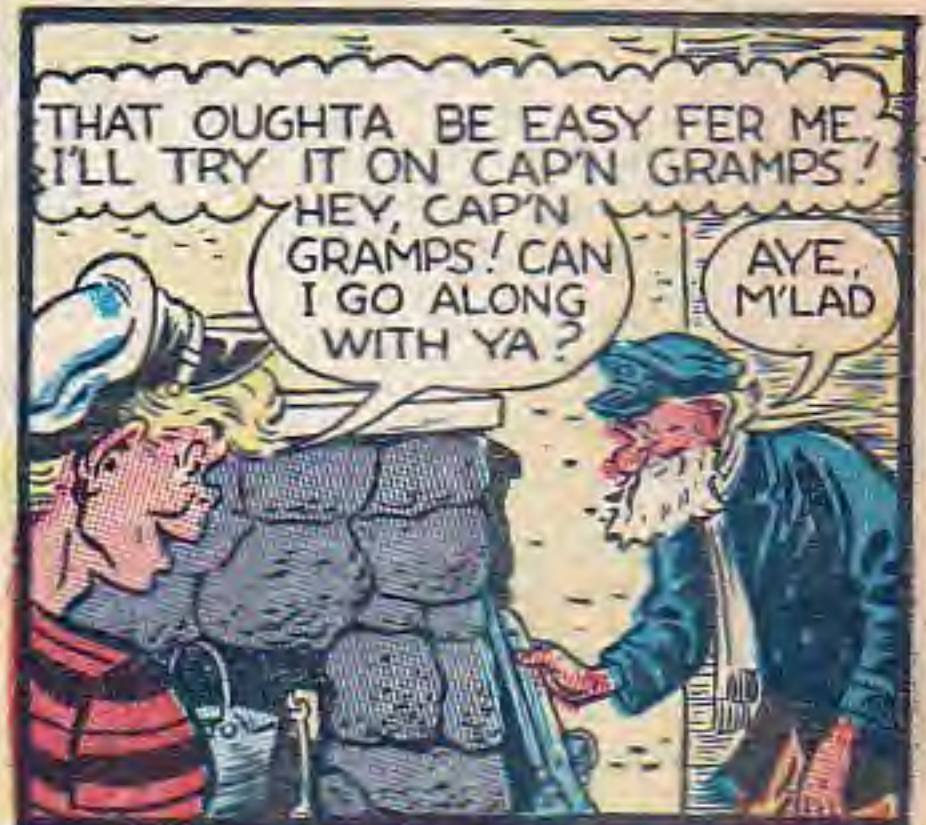
A-A-AN' ME AN
OL' SEA CAPTAIN!
CRANBERRY-----
PROMISE ME THAT
YE'LL NEVER---

DONT WORRY,
CAP'N GRAMPS
I DIDN'T SEE
A THING!
(CHUCKLE)

BIG SHOT

Cranberry BOGGS

by DON DEAN



Good Old Bumpy

By MART BAILEY

CHAPTER IV

HOT WATER

JERRY SWANCOURT didn't think he was so lucky, and he caterpillared his toothbrush moustache across the tip of his pug nose to indicate how deeply he considered himself an abused child of misfortune.

It was bad enough that his beloved should have for a father that international pain in the neck of every drinking man, Phineas Dwibble, whose rampant crusades for total abstinence from the tobacco weed and anything more potent than weak tea had caused tipplers to shed tears from Genalo's Paradise Grill in New York to Punchy Pancho's Saloon in Singapore. It was worse that Hyacinthe, the soul mate whom Fate had at last introduced to Jerry, should be walking out of his life on the morrow.

He was stunned by Good Old Bumpy's indifference. From his old friend he had expected comfort, advice, and a complete solution of his problem. Instead, Good Old Bumpy rocked back and forth on the awninged swing in the rose arbor near the swimming pool, obviously piqued because no Daiquiris or Martinis were at hand, and murmured coolly that Jerry was a lucky man.

Jerry Swancourt, the lucky man, sighed bitterly under the oppressive weight of his woe.

"What you need," Good Old Bumpy prescribed, "is a good bracer. Ditto for me."

"Maybe you're right," Jerry conceded. "But how could we sneak into the house for a bottle? Old Eagle-eye Dwibble suspects about the liquor cellar, I think, and we could never—"

Jerry stared with reverent awe upon the silver flask which Good Old Bumpy had produced from a hip pocket. Already he began to feel exhilarated.

But just as Jerry raised the flask to his quivering lips—eyes slapped hard against the back of his neck.

Phineas Dwibble, the fire breathing Prohibitionist, stood like an accusing angel on a little balcony not twenty yards away.

Jerry grinned sheepishly and waved a hand—the one holding the flask. Phineas Dwibble disappeared within doors. The flask slipped from Jerry's hand, and Mother Earth in her Spring green dress guzzled up the golden river like an old sot.

"What do we do now?" Jerry stammered as Good Old Bumpy retrieved the empty flask.

"Go right down into the cellar and get bingo."

"No!" Jerry blurted, rising from the swing. "There must be some way out."

"The next train to Brooklyn."

"You wouldn't desert a pal?"

"I would."

"But this means everything to me. If Hyacinthe goes—"

Good Old Bumpy rose to his feet, pocketing the flask. Jerry grasped his shoulders.

"Just stay to-night. That will give you plenty of time to dope out some swell scheme. And anything I possess is yours."

Good Old Bumpy wavered. Jerry tightened his grip.

"Did you say *anything*?"

Jerry made a royal gesture. "Even to half my kingdom."

"Even to that bottle of 1845 Le-Duc Burgundy?"

Jerry was stunned. He hadn't imagined anyone could be so conniving. It shook his faith in human nature. Why, in the whole world there were only two bottles of that choice vintage, and the other, he was informed, reposed at Fort Knox. Billionaires had bid in vain for a thimbleful. Jerry himself had procured his bottle at great risk to life and limb, having had to rifle the sideboard of an aged uncle, and in two years had permitted himself only two nips.

He was so stunned that he did not hear Good Old Bumpy say, "Good-bye, then!" When he came out of the trance, his comrade was stalking across the lawn, headed for the house.

"Wait!" Jerry shouted, breaking into a run. "All right!"

CHAPTER V

SOFT SOAP

"YOU MUST BE *the* Phineas Dribble," said Good Old Bumpy, extending his hand as he and Jerry Swancourt met that personage issuing wrathfully onto the lawn.

Phineas Dwibble drew up short.

"I don't believe I have the pleasure of your acquaintance," he replied stiffly. "And the name is Dwibble."

"Ah, my dear sir," murmured Good Old Bumpy, assuming a benevolent smile, "you may not know me, but I know you. At least I've read and heard so much about you that I feel as though we were already personally acquainted. A cosmopolitan figure like you is known everywhere—and I might add, loved by everyone."

Phineas Dwibble thawed about one degree centigrade. He hadn't thought that anyone loved him but himself. He enclosed Good Old Bumpy's hand in a fishy clasp.

"I had not regarded myself as a cosmopolitan figure, but as you say—"

"You are entirely too modest," protested Good Old Bumpy. "Your name and fame have reached far and wide. Your words are daily converting new followers for our cause."

"Indeed. Then you too are a leader in the crusade to crush the serpent Whisky?"

BIG SHOT

"And the demon Nicotine."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed," Good Old Bumpy assured him. "So you will understand how I hastened to Plurttotles Manor when Jerry wired me that you were here. I'd have come sooner, but I had been contracted to lecture in three cities on the way."

"Indeed?" Phineas Dwibble was impressed. "Jeremiah, I never suspected that you had such worthwhile friends."

"Jeremiah is not only a friend," said Good Old Bumpy, "but a fellow worker. He and I frequently lecture from the same platform."

"Indeed? Hmmmmm. Why haven't you told me this before, Jeremiah?"

"Modesty is his besetting fault."

"Indeed. Er, by the way, has Jeremiah told you about my book—my latest book, that is—which I am permitting him to publish?"

"He absolutely raved about it."

"Indeed?" Phineas almost beamed. He was not one of your natural beamers, however, and the best he could manage was a rather unconvincing smirk. "Jeremiah, you do hide your light under a bushel."

Jerry disliked this tendency of the conversation to shift back and forth over his head. "Er, what light?" he ventured.

"And you must let me have an autographed copy," Good Old Bumpy continued hurriedly.

"Indeed. It will give me the greatest pleasure. Er, by the way, sir, how do you like the title?"

"Magnificent. So apt."

"Yes, I dare say *The Effects of Alcoholism on the Sulcus Centralis* does sum up the text rather nicely. And, ahem, how did you like my last book, *Nicotine and the Trachae*?"

"Absolutely doted over it. A veritable literary gem. *Nicotine and the Trachae* will be handed down to posterity, and read avidly and with delight."

This, thought Jerry, was spreading it a bit thick. Phineas had forced it upon him the first day of his visit, and Jerry had not been able to get beyond the first chapter. In his unuttered opinion, it was sheer rot. But undoubtedly Good Old Bumpy was paving the way into Dwibble's good graces, and after all that was the nub of the whole plot.

"Indeed," murmured the Prohibitionist. "Jeremiah, I am astonished that you have such intelligent friends."

Then he sucked in his nether lip and turned to Good Old Bumpy. A frown wrinkled his brow; behind his glasses his eyes took on a quizzical look. Phineas Dwibble had remembered why he had issued so wrathfully from the house.

"In view of what you have already said, I hate to put this question," he said. "I am sure you are above suspicion. But what was that large silver thing that you gave to Jeremiah while you two were seated by the swimming pool?"

"A flask," replied Good Old Bumpy, and Jerry almost dropped dead on the spot.

Phineas Dwibble was flabbergasted. "Do you mean," he rasped, "a flask? A whisky flask?"

"I thought you would be interested," said Good Old Bumpy. He held out the flask to the Prohibitionist. "Do you know where I found it? On the person of a college freshman!"

He did not think it necessary to add that he was the college freshman when he found it in his pocket after an all night binge ten years before.

Mr. Dwibble cast his eyes to the heavens, possibly to see if they were falling down. Good Old Bumpy did likewise. Jerry didn't bother. He wasn't interested in the possibility of the heavens falling so much as in the more pleasant prospect that the earth would open suddenly and swallow him out of sight. As in a nightmare he heard Good Old Bumpy continue piously:

"Isn't it awful what our younger generation is coming to? Jeremiah was utterly astounded when I showed him this evidence of the decadence of American youth."

Tutt-tutting, Phineas Dwibble gingerly took the flask and studied it in silence.

"I intend using it as an exhibit for my lectures," Good Old Bumpy went on as the little Prohibitionist sniffed loudly at the empty but aromatic interior.

Phineas screwed back the cap and returned the flask to Good Old Bumpy. "An excellent idea. It will serve to bring home emphatically upon your audience the fact that our youth, the shame of our nation, is bent upon perdition. It is indeed fortunate, sir," he resumed after a pause during which his eyes brightened, "that you have come to Plurttotles Manor so opportunely. You will be able to lecture tonight to our waifs of the sea."

Good Old Bumpy sensed the pitfall yawning before him, but it was too late to retreat. "Tonight?" he echoed. "Waifs of the sea?"

"Indeed. Hasn't Jeremiah told you?"

Good Old Bumpy shook his head.

"Then this will be a pleasant surprise! The crew of the U.S.S. Minnetonka will be here for a social gathering. The commander is an old school chum and, hearing that he was in port, I sent word for him to come down with his crew. Sailors are notoriously immoral, but when they learn the evils attendant upon the consumption of alcohol and nicotine, I believe they will turn over a new leaf. I shall deliver an address on the subject of one of my earlier pamphlets, *Should We Drink? Should We Smoke?—NO!* On all newsstands at ten cents the copy."

"Indeed," said Good Old Bumpy.

"Indeed. And this will give you an opportunity to sow the seed of conversion too. Of course you will speak?"

This, decided Jerry, was an excellent spot to ingratiate himself further into Phineas Dwibble's good graces. "Of course!" he injected quickly. "He will be delighted!"

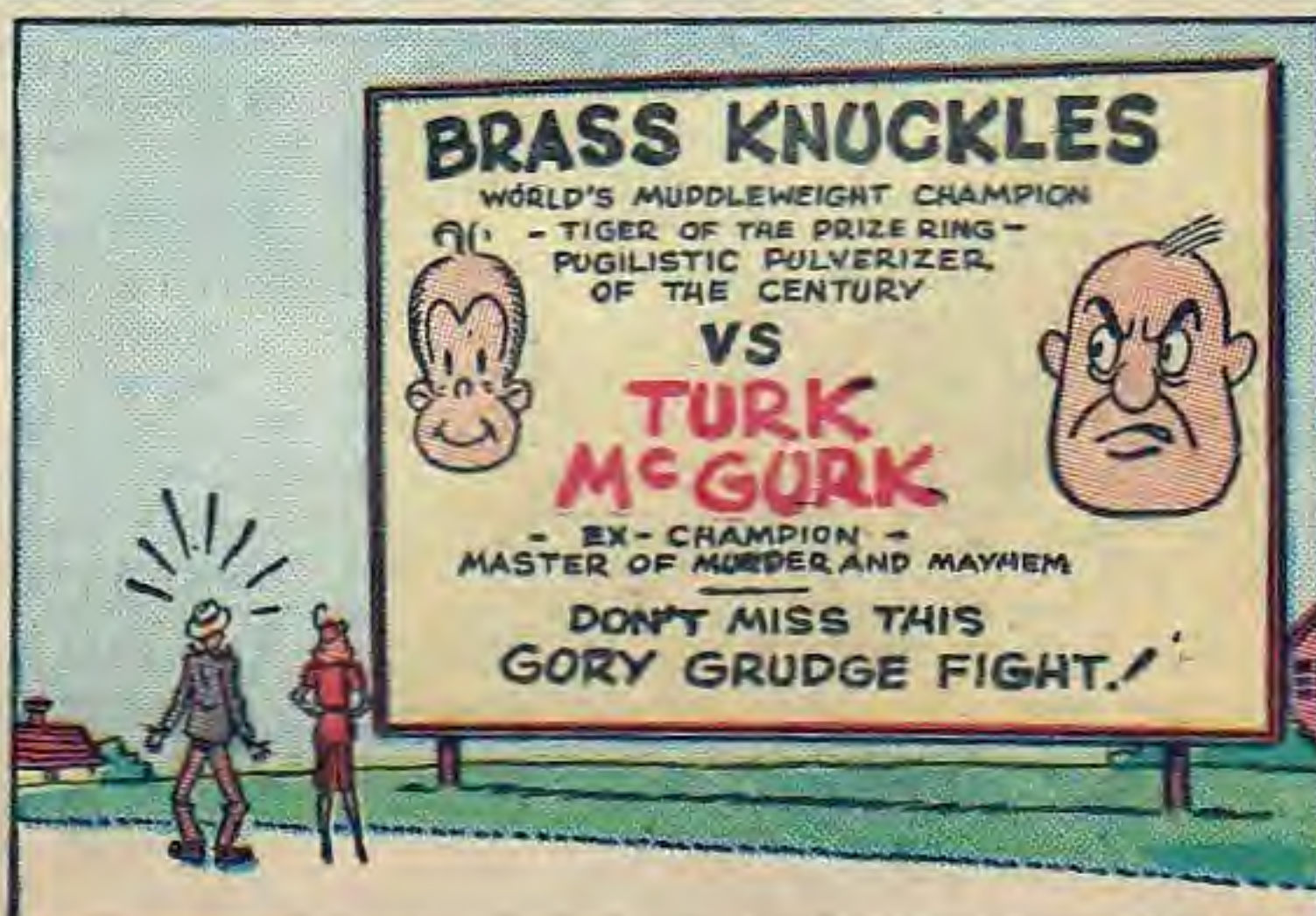
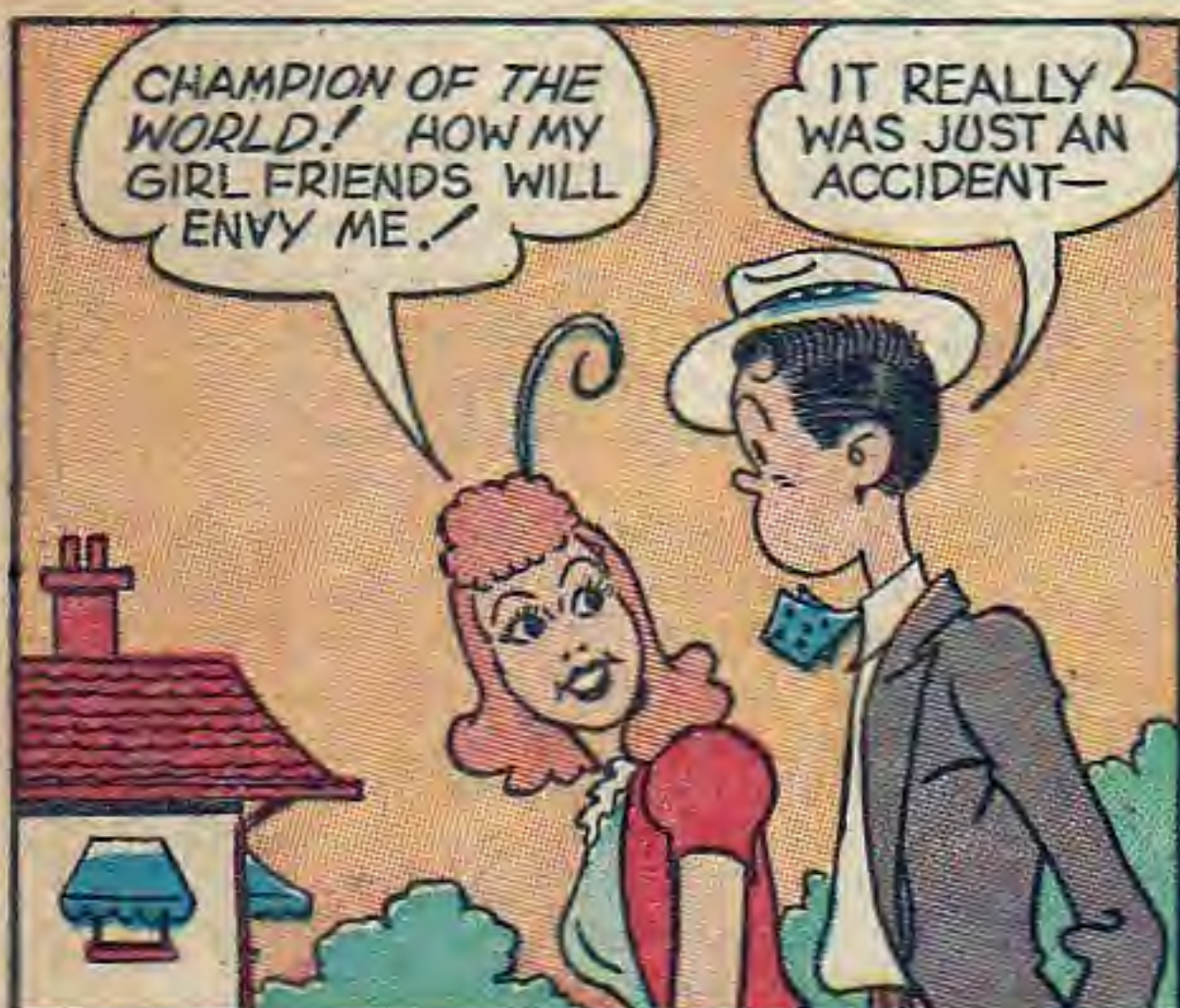
Good Old Bumpy gave him a withering glare. "Would you care to see the reception hall?" he heard Phineas inquire, and he nodded absently.

He was trying to decide whether to leave for Brooklyn now or wait for dinner.

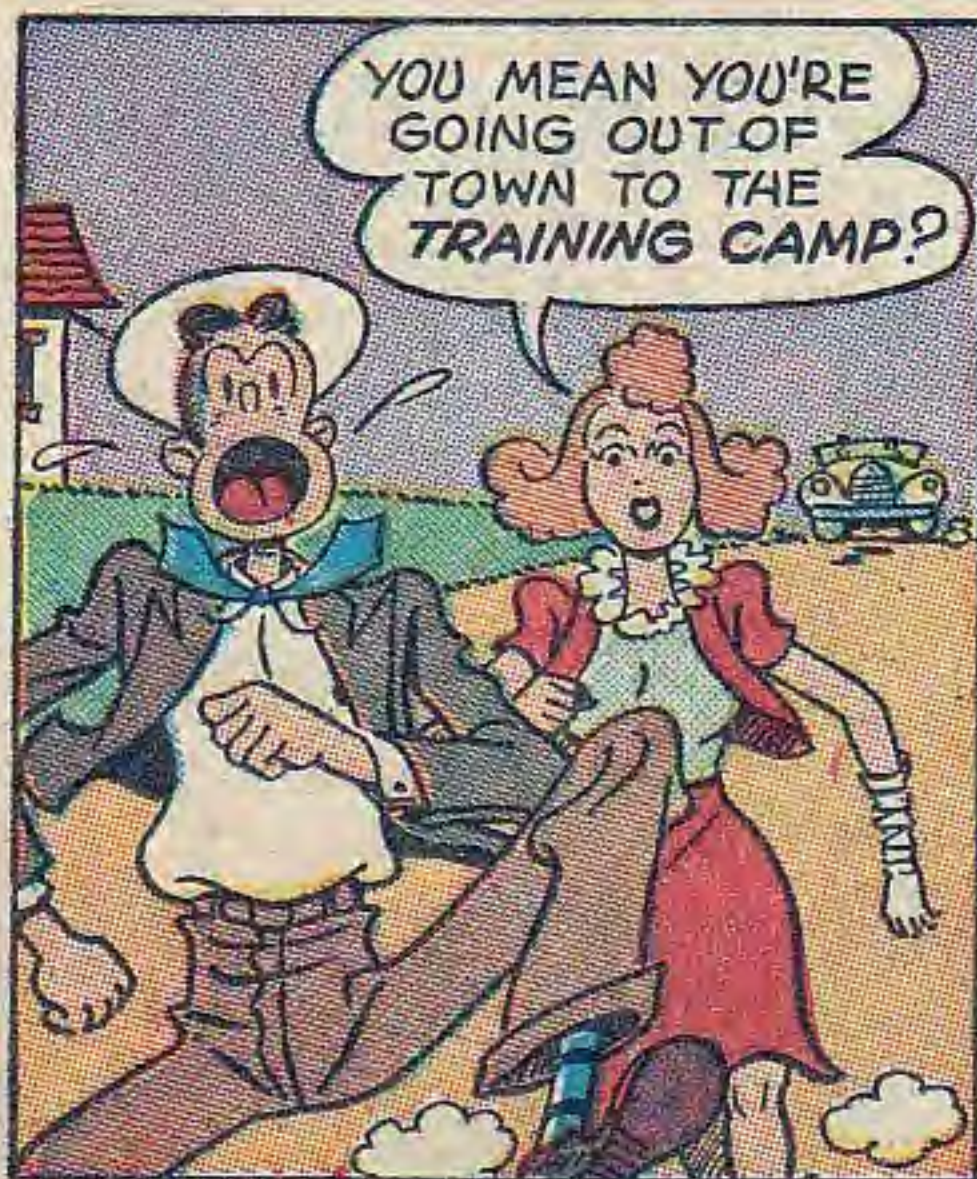
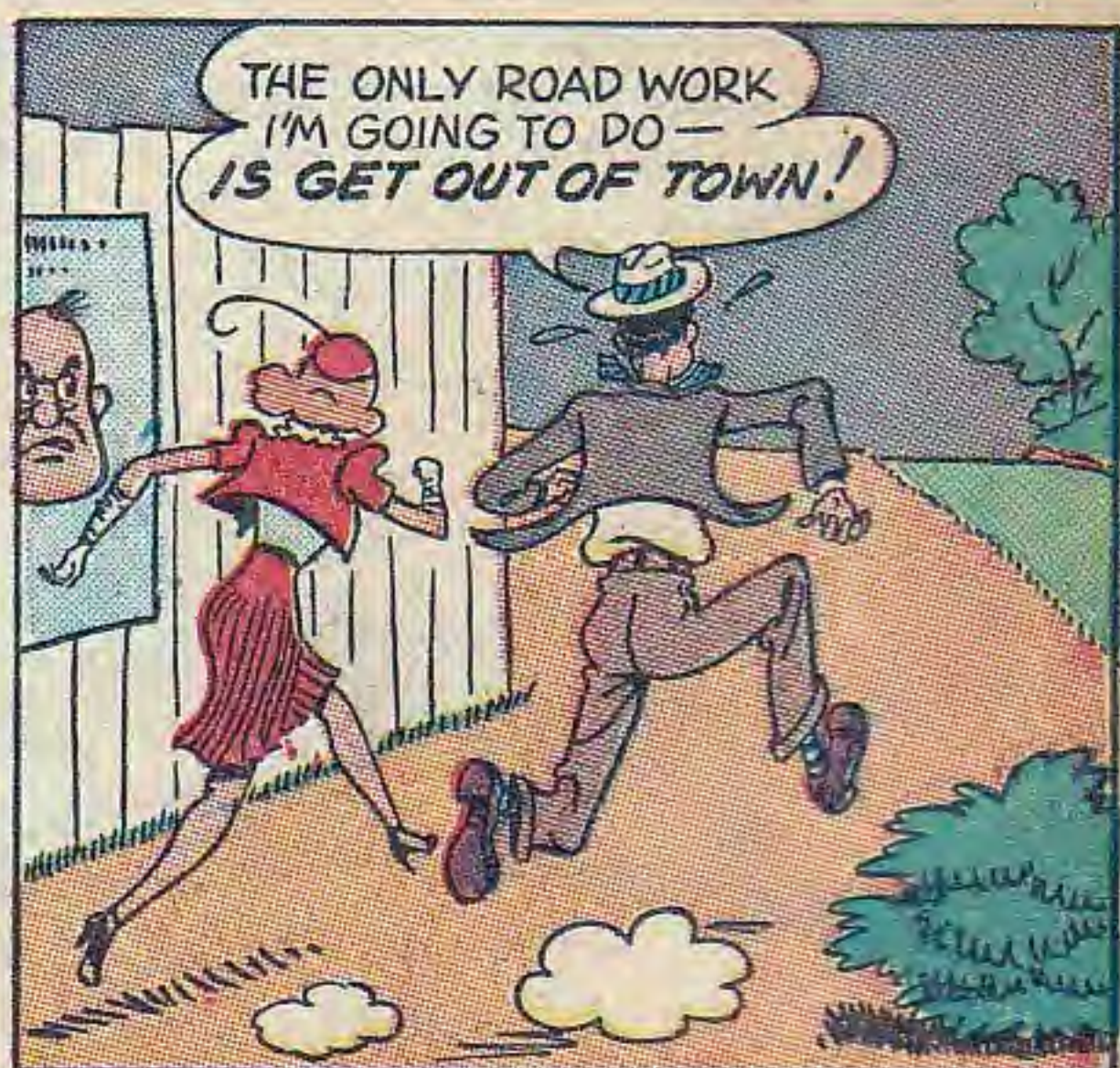
(To be continued)

BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

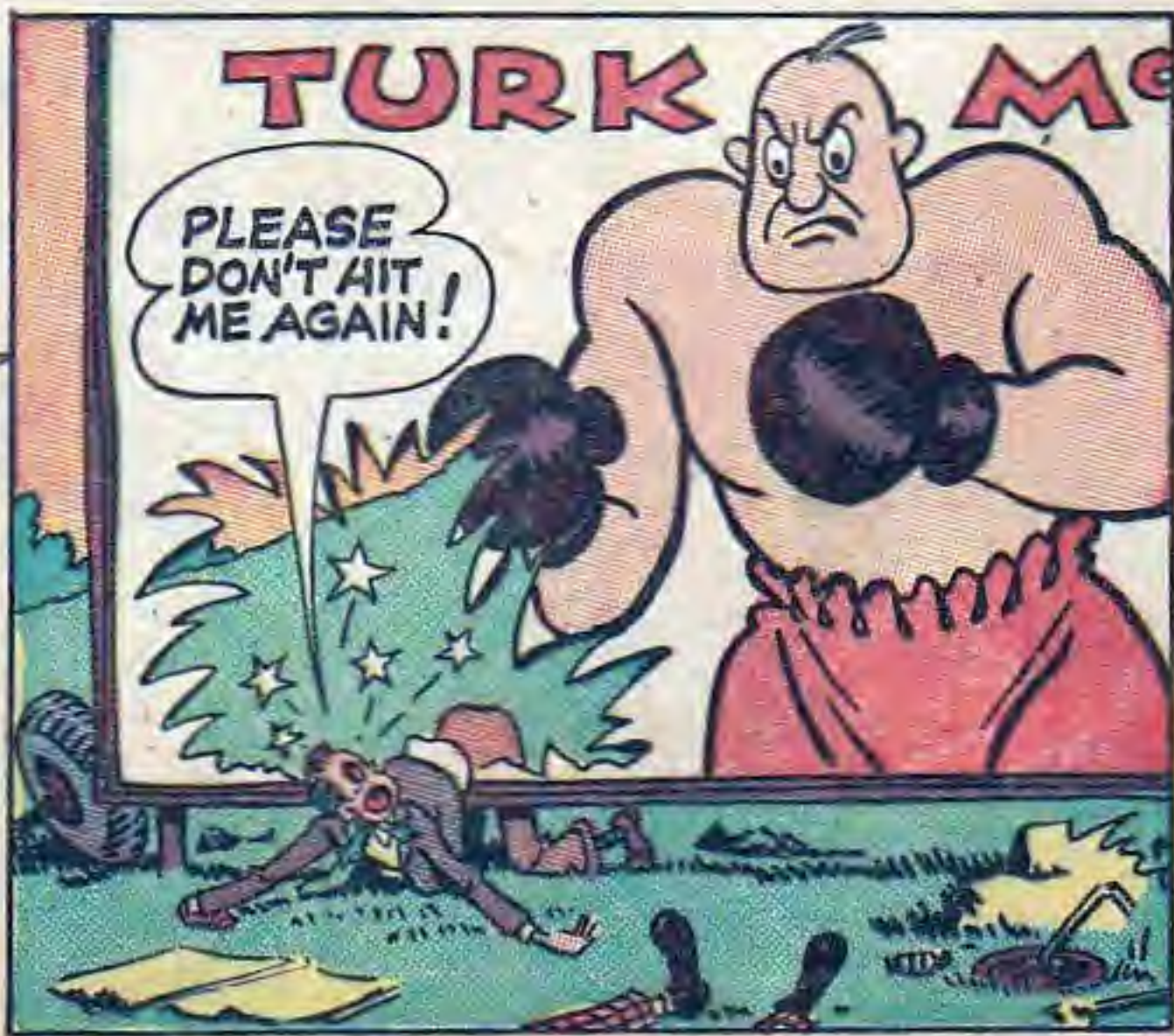
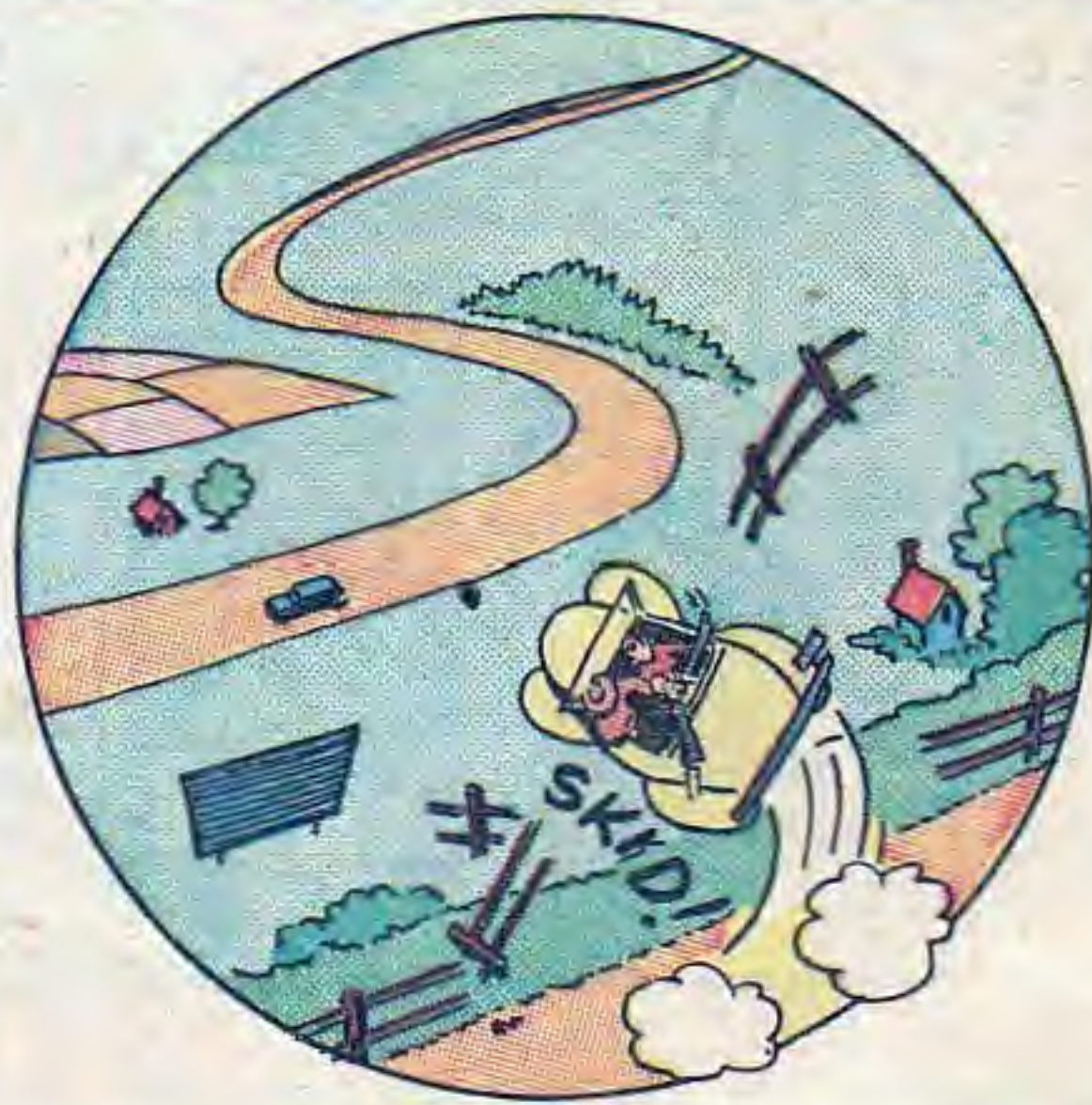
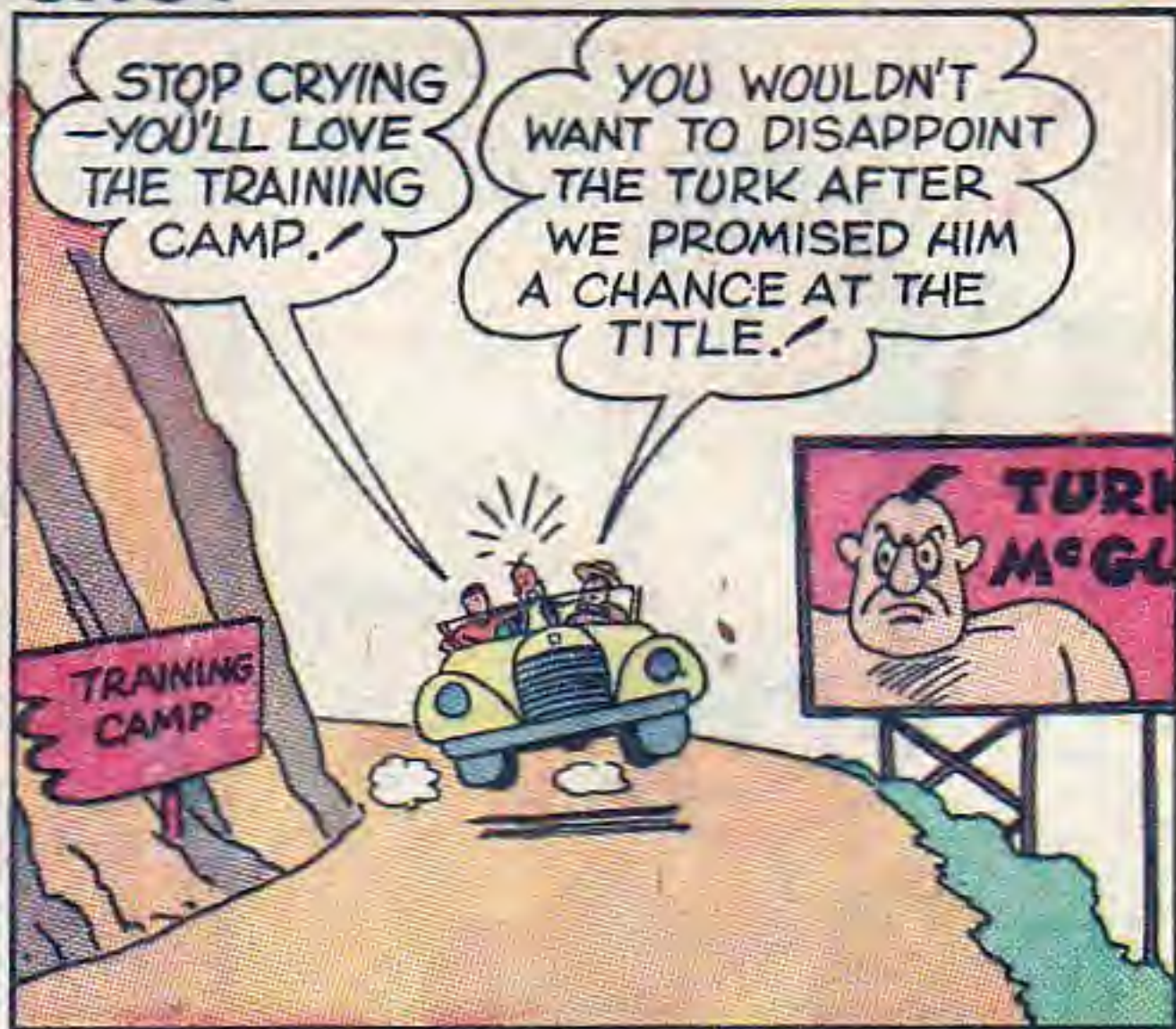
by MARTY



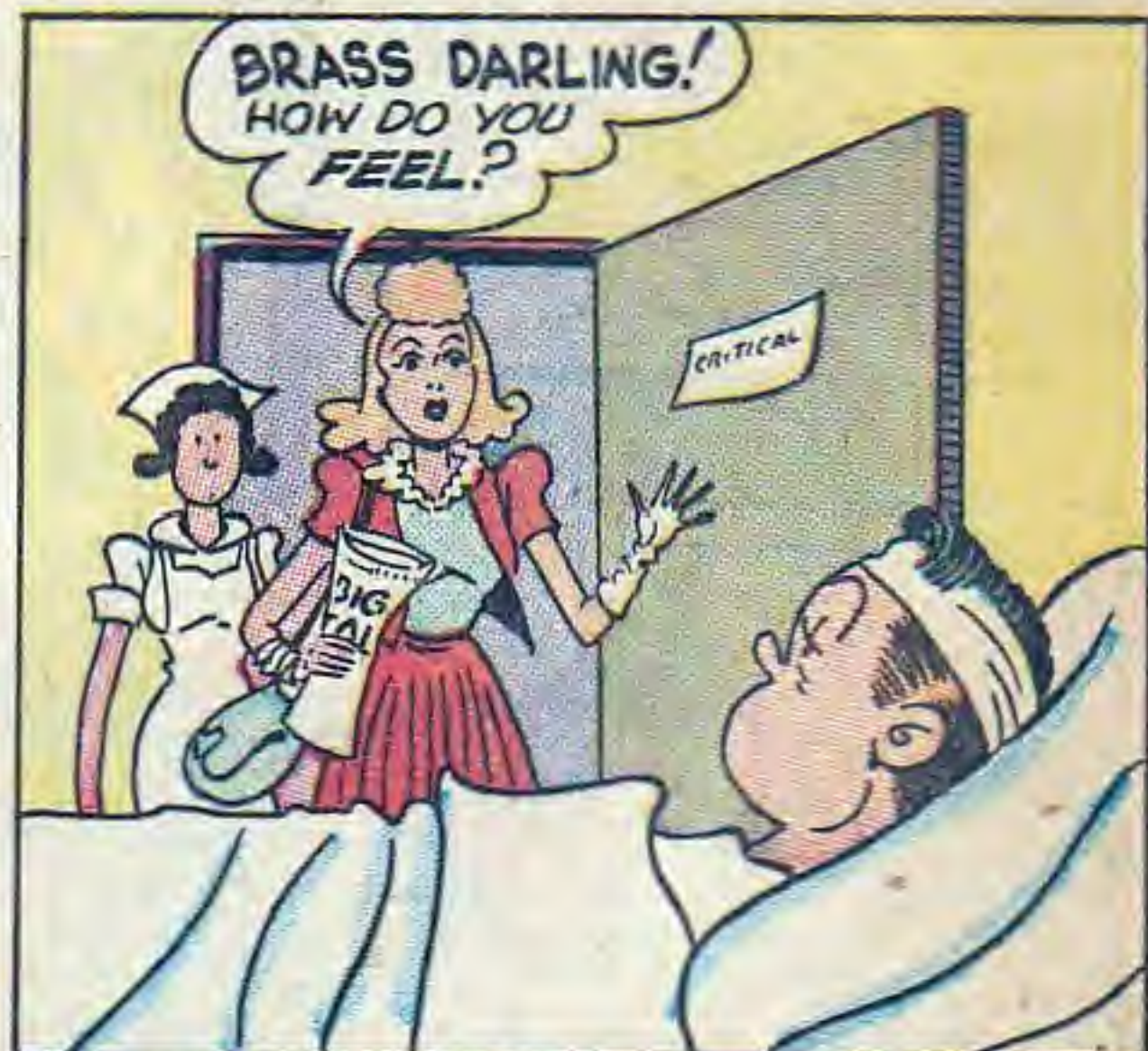
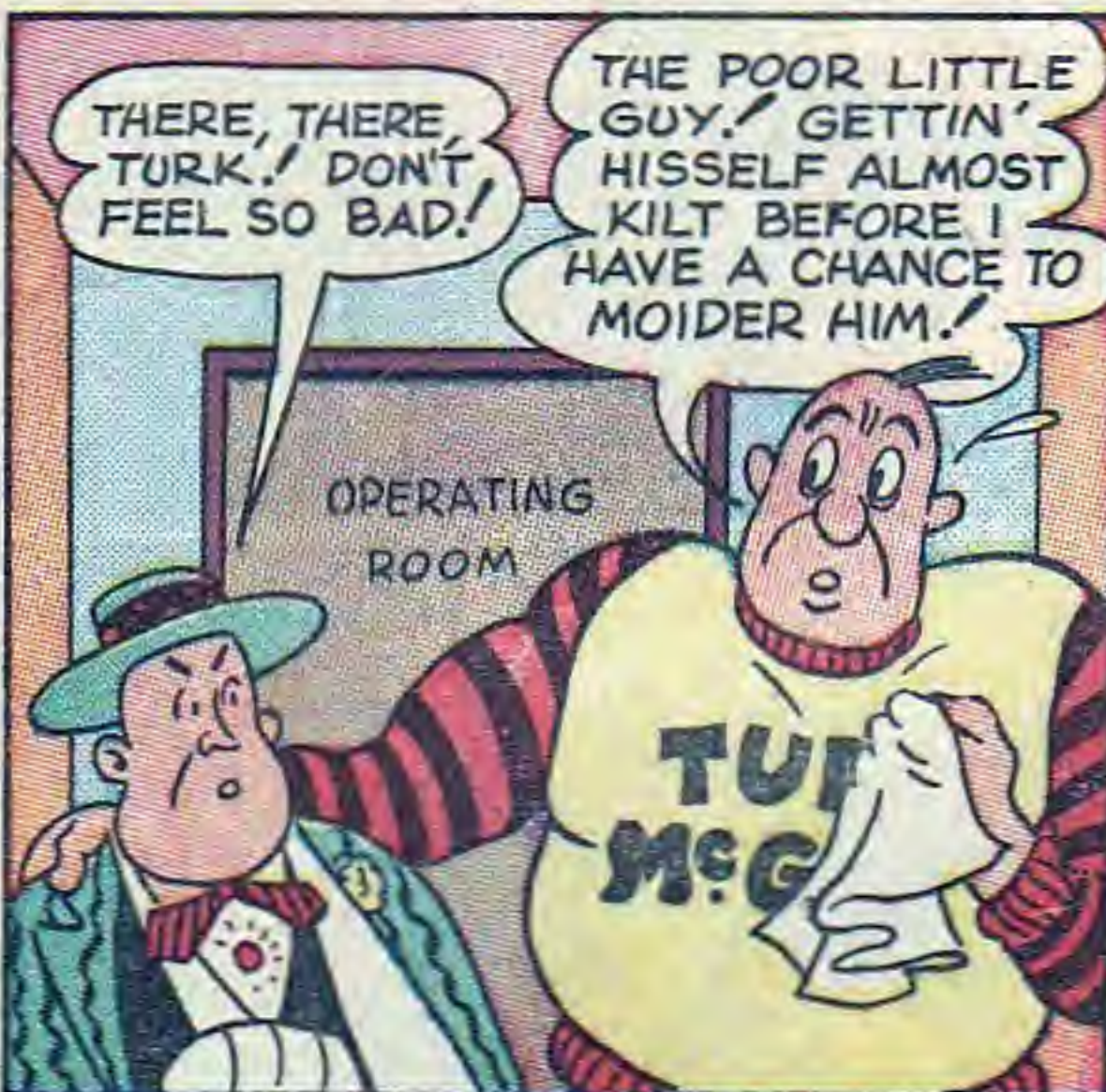
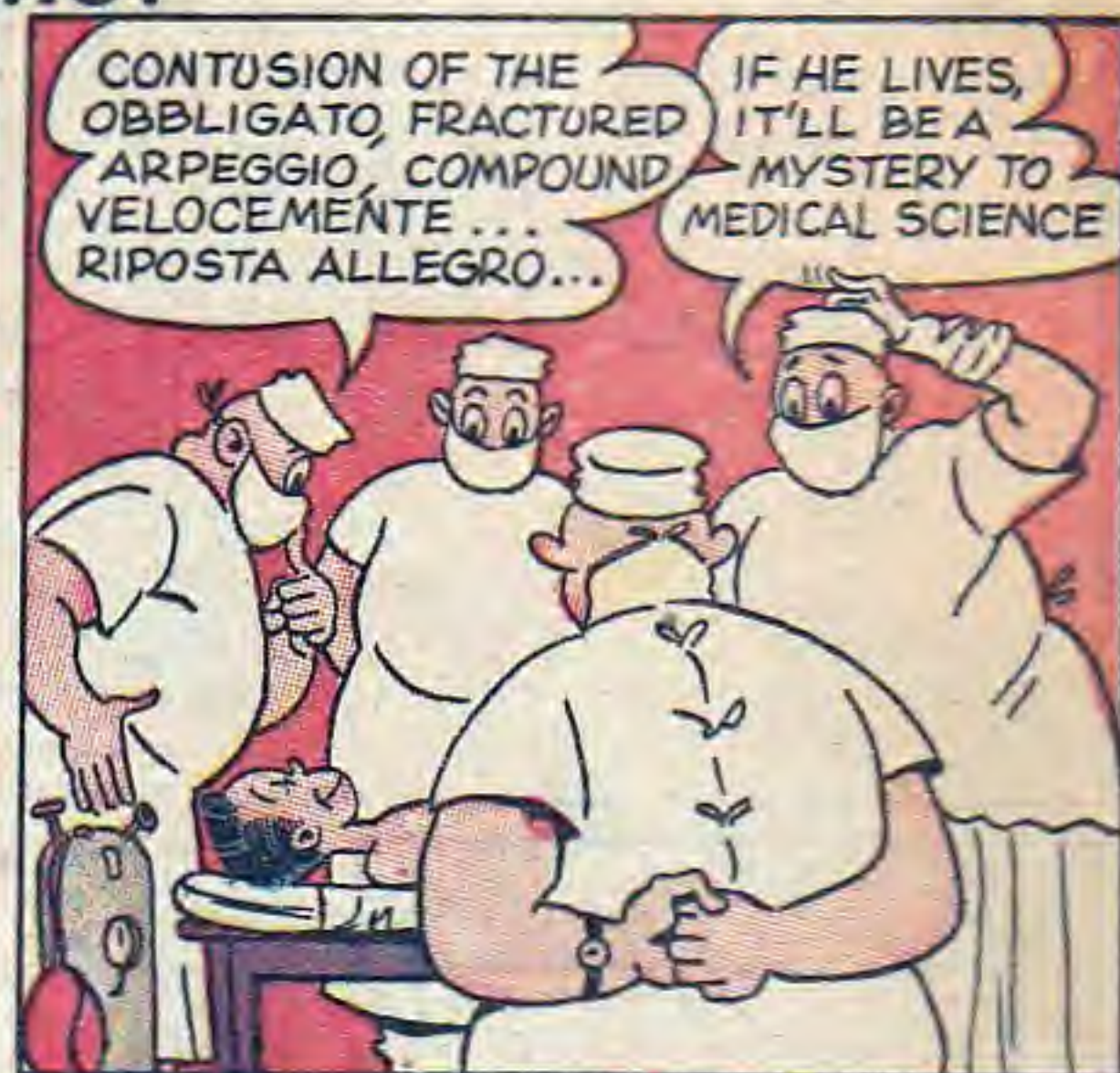
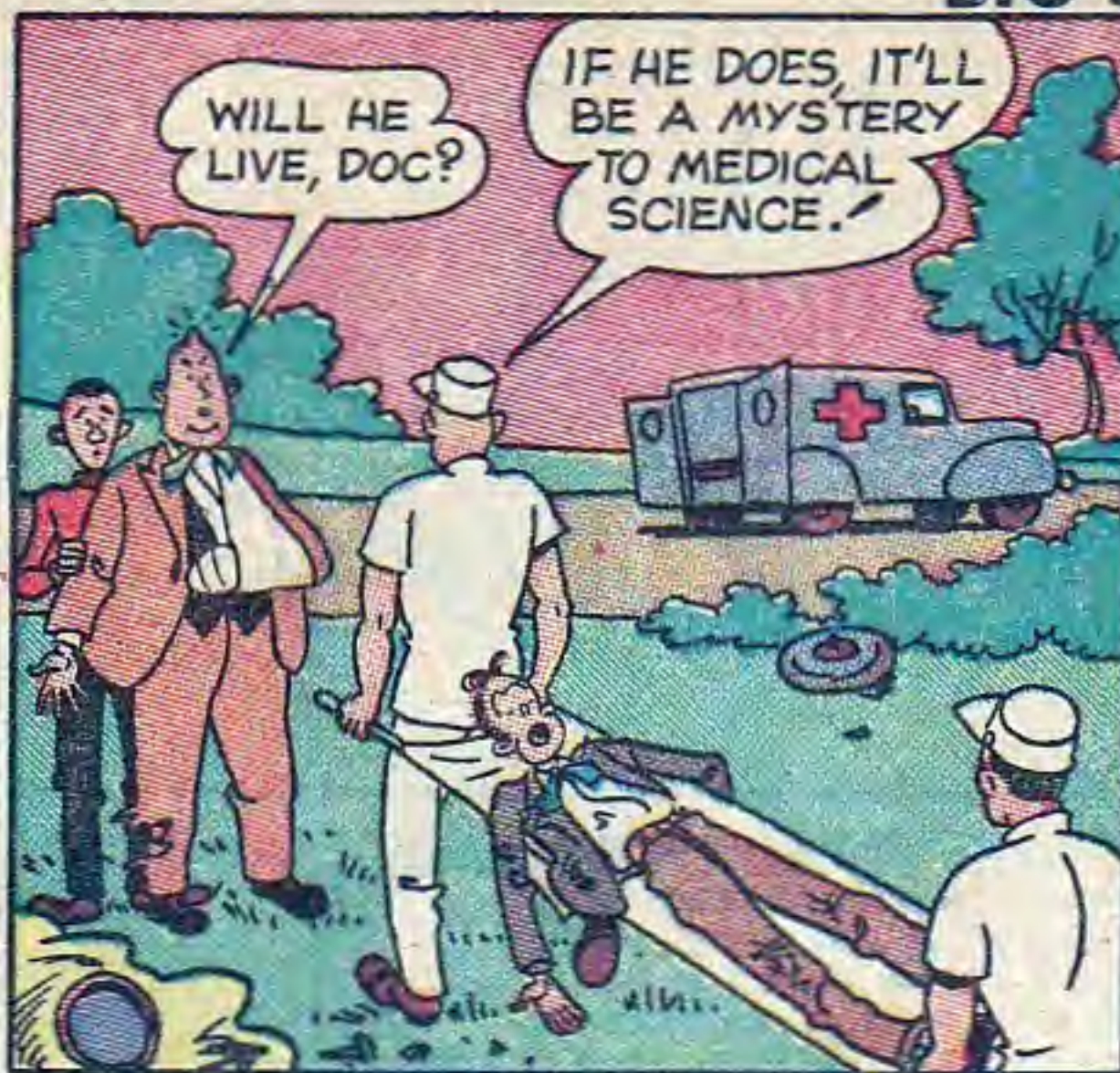
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CHARLIE Chan

WHEN REARDON POST'S WIFE, BROTHER AND UNCLE WERE STRANGLED WITHIN FOUR DAYS, CHARLIE WAS CALLED ON THE CASE. HE FOUND A FEATHER, DROPPED BY THE MURDERER, ON THE UNCLE'S COAT.

NOW THERE ARE FOUR LEFT IN THE POST FAMILY: REARDON, HIS BROTHER EDSON AND THEIR SISTERS, NATALIE AND LAURIE...

LET ME GET IT STRAIGHT, POP! NATALIE TOLD YOU REARDON AND EDSON WERE COLLECTING REARDON'S FISHING TACKLE IN THE STABLES—AND IN ORDER TO PREVENT ANOTHER MURDER YOU RAN TO THE STABLES WITH NATALIE AND LAURIE...

THAT IS RIGHT.

HURRY! ALREADY IT MAY BE TOO LATE!

THE STABLE'S EMPTY, MR. CHAN! THE HORSES ARE GONE, TOO!

HAIE! WE ARE TOO LATE!

INSPECTOR CHAN! YOU MEAN EDSON OR REARDON MAY HAVE BEEN MURDERED?

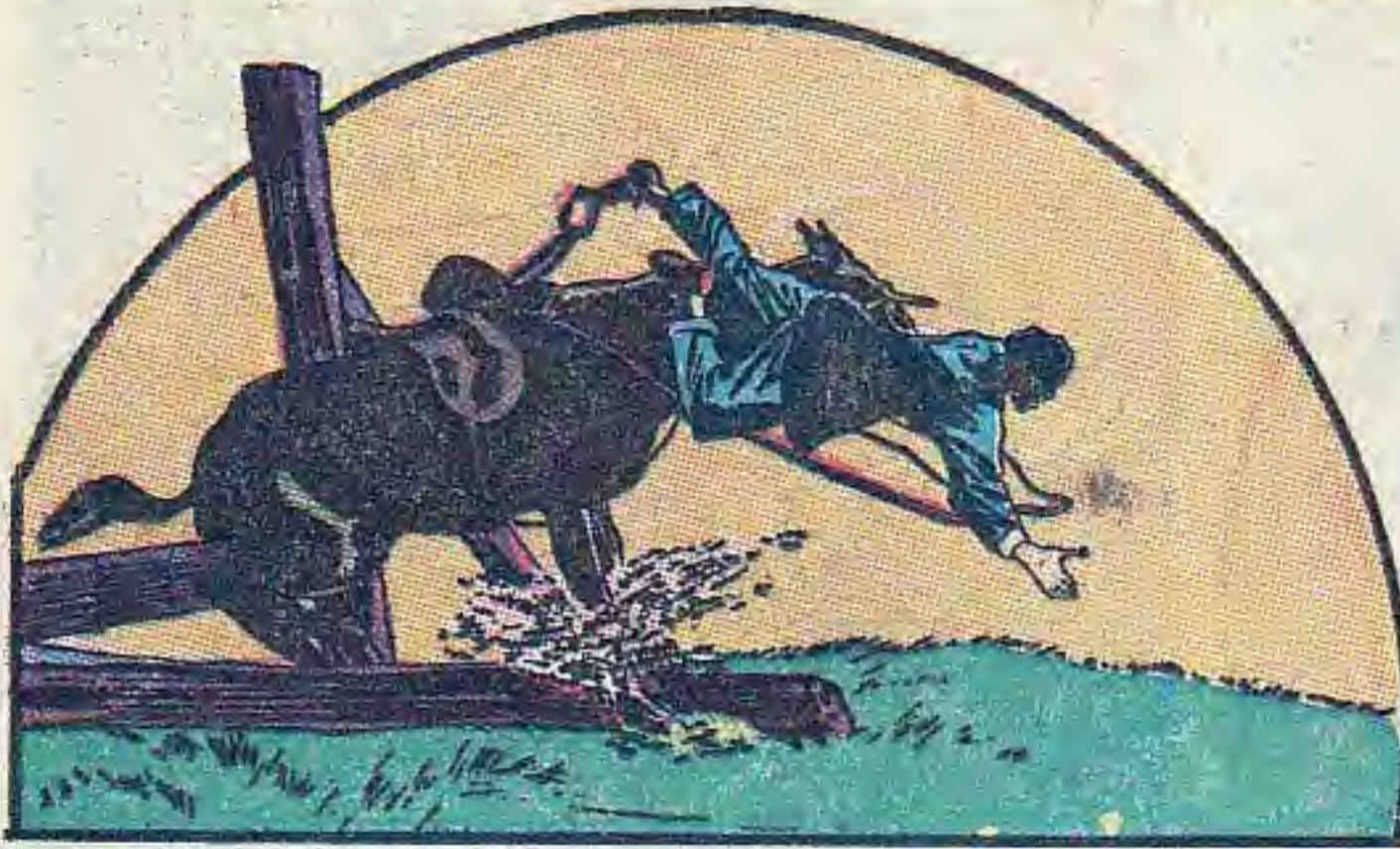
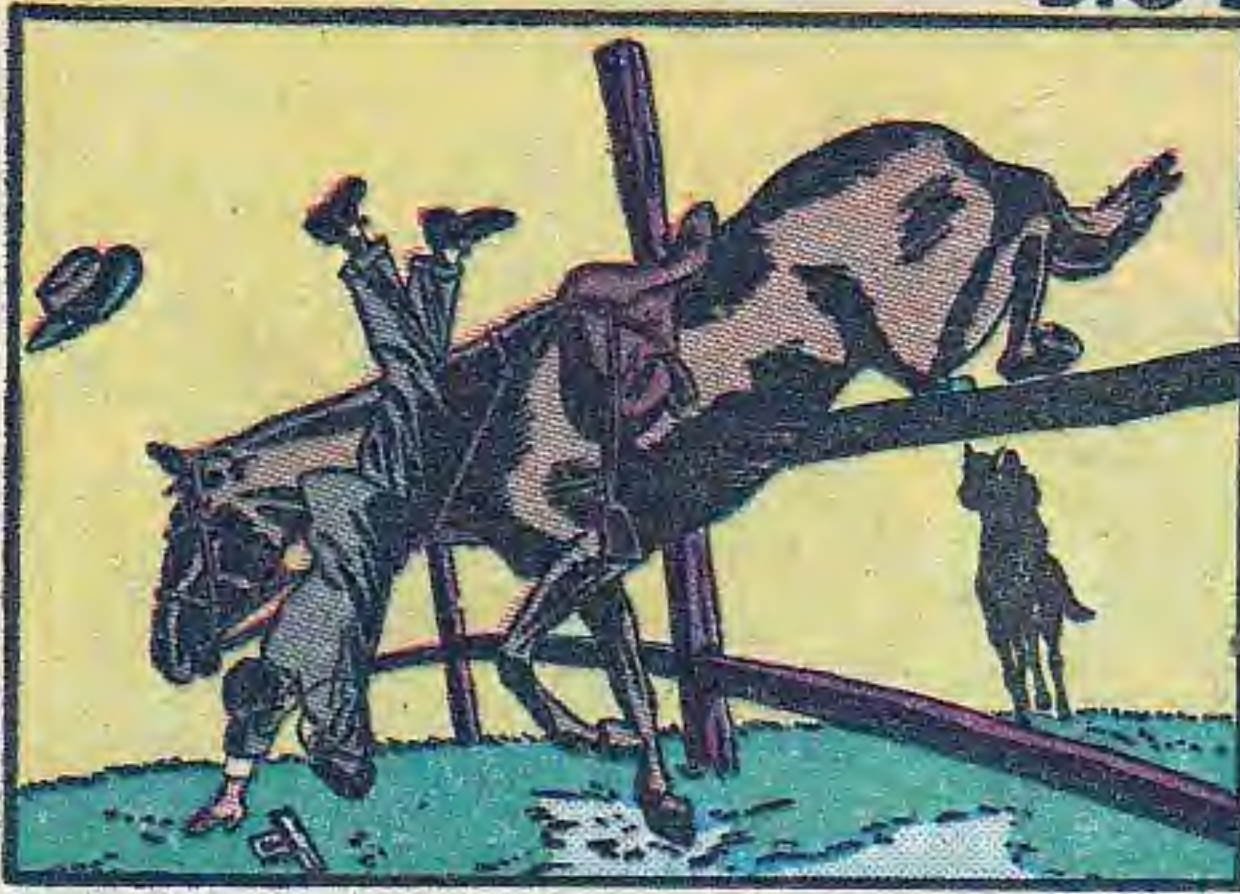
LOOK! THERE THEY ARE—ON HORSEBACK!

THEY SEEM TO BE CHASING EACH OTHER—BUT I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS REARDON—AND WHICH IS EDSON!

YES...DOES THE MURDERER CHASE HIS VICTIM—OR DOES THE MURDERER ESCAPE FROM HIS PURSUER?

BANG! BANG!

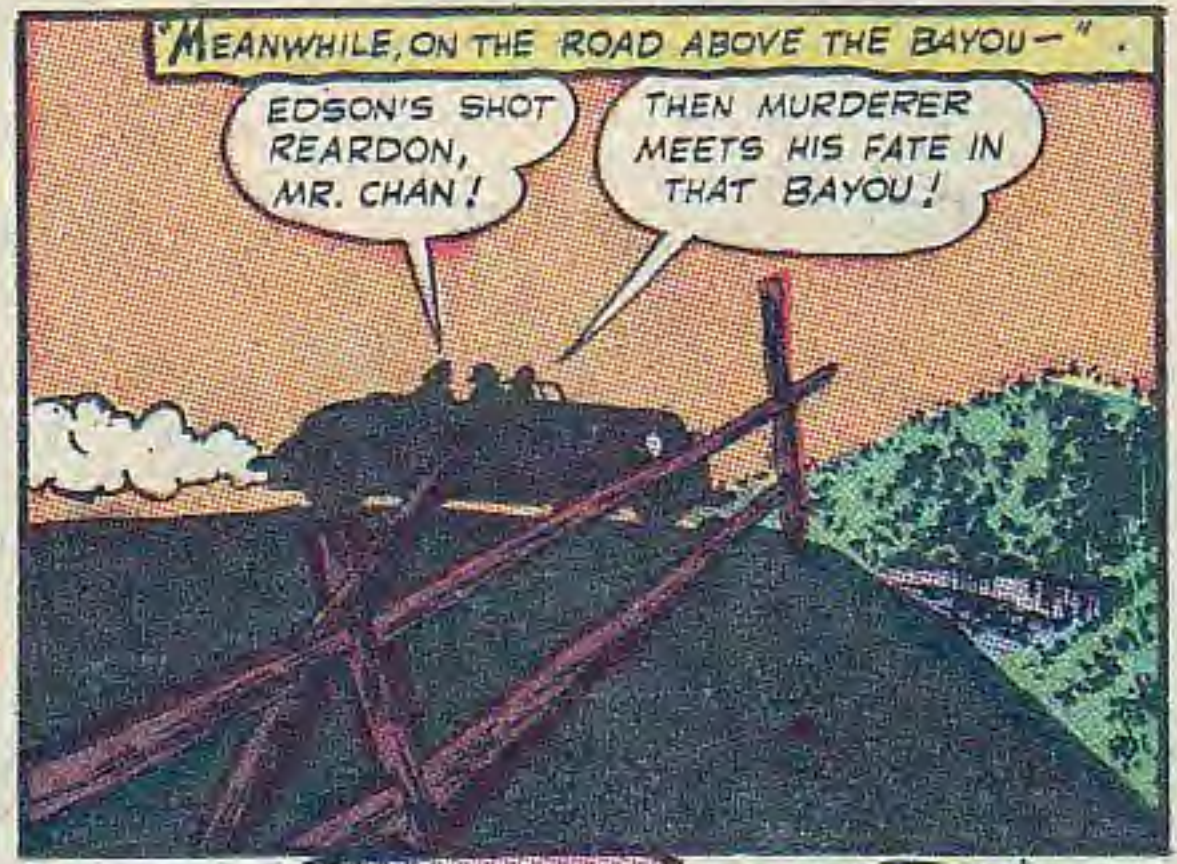
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



I'VE GOT YOU NOW, EDSON—I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



MEANWHILE, ON THE ROAD ABOVE THE BAYOU—

EDSON'S SHOT REARDON, MR. CHAN!

THEN MURDERER MEETS HIS FATE IN THAT BAYOU!



MR. CHAN! YOU MEAN REARDON IS THE MURDERER? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BY THIS FEATHER WHICH THE MURDERER DROPPED WHEN HE KILLED YOUR UNCLE—



THIS FEATHER?

YES—IT IS PART OF A FISHERMAN'S LURE! YOU SAID EDSON DID NOT FISH ANY MORE, AND REARDON DID—OBVIOUSLY, THEN, THE LURE BELONGS TO REARDON—

—AND REARDON IS THE MURDERER!



BUT, POP, REARDON COULDN'T HAVE MURDERED HIS WIFE BECAUSE SHE RECOGNIZED THE MAN WHO KILLED HER—AND IT WASN'T HER HUSBAND!

YOU AMAZE YOUR PARENT! IT IS TRUE—REARDON DID NOT KILL HIS WIFE! YOU REMEMBER—SHE WENT TO THE DOOR...



WHY—HELLO! THIS IS A SURPRISE! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE DAY REARDON AND I CAME HOME FROM OUR WEDDING! COME IN!

TANT-DEE YOUR THINGS—I'LL BRING FOR NAOMI TO BRING SOME TEA—WHY—WHY—WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT—?

WHAT—NO—NO! DON'T! REARDON! NAOMI! HELP! REARDON! REARDON! HELP ME!



So we are happy for you by helping those dreadful dream by helping those who are engulfed in an even more horrible nightmare. Laurie and I live in a meager hut in Paris. France we have given away all our shoes and clothes except one dress and one pair of sandals each. it takes very little food to keep us... our fire we keep going with shavings, and our monthly allowance which comes from America helps to keep alive those unfortunates who have even less than we.

We are ever grateful, Charlie, for your kindness and wisdom, and we

Sincerely, Natalie Pat

THE END

BIG SHOT

BO

BY FRANK BECK



DOGGONE! HERE COMES THAT MUTT TRIX. I'M THROUGH FOOLING AROUND WITH HIM. HE ALWAYS GETS ME INTO TROUBLE.

THIS IS JUST THE TIME TO HUNT RABBITS... YOU CAN FOLLOW THEIR TRACKS IN THE SNOW. IT'S ALL KINDS OF FUN...

NOPE, I'M STAYING HOME...



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE... YOU'RE TOO FAT AND SLOW TO CATCH A BUNNY. NO WONDER YOU WANT TO STAY HOME---

IS THAT SO! I CAN RUN AS FAST AS YOU ANY DAY. WHERE ARE THE RABBITS?



I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM TALK ME INTO THIS... BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO GIVE ME THE HA-HA.

I KNOW WHERE THE WOODS ARE FULL OF RABBITS.



WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT IF THERE ARE HUNTERS OUT HERE! WE MIGHT BE SHOT...

PEOPLE AREN'T ALLOWED TO HUNT HERE, IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE.

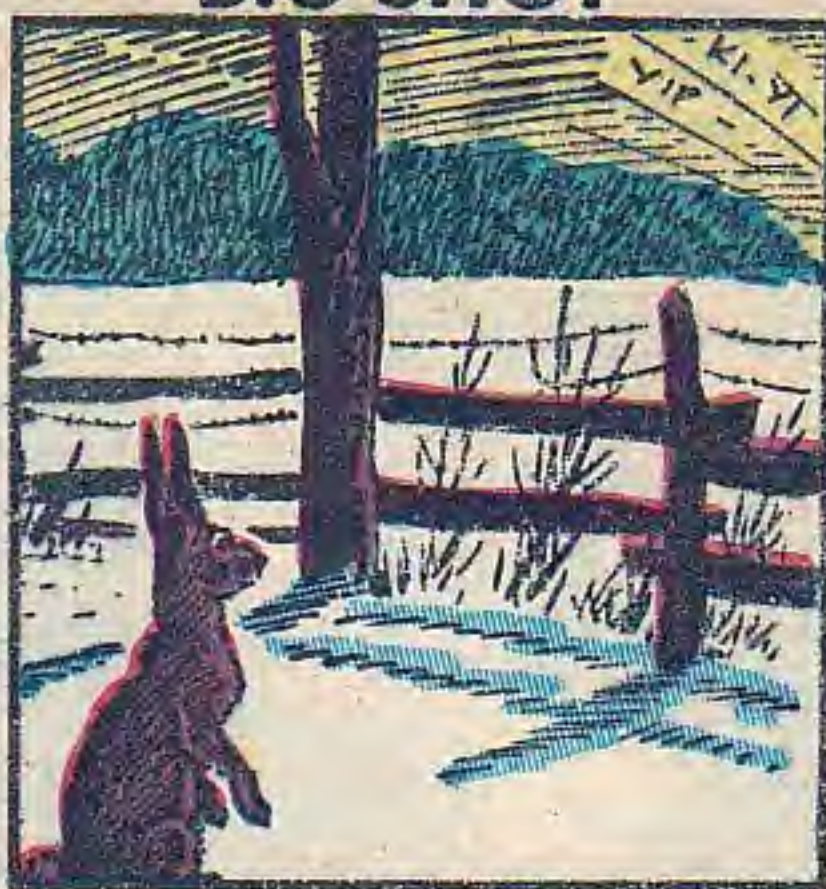


A FEW TRAPS BURIED IN THIS DEEP SNOW OUGHT TO GET ME A FEW HIDES---



OH BOY! IT'S REALLY FUN IN THIS DEEP SNOW--

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



AW!
C'MON
JUNIOR,
DONT
TURN
BACK
NOW!
MORE
NEXT
ISSUE

The SKYMAN

By Ogden Whitney



SKYMAN IS SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA, BROUGHT ON AS A RESULT OF THE CRACK-UP IN WHICH HIS SPACE-SHIP WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED. IN THIS STATE HE MEETS A GIRL WHO TAKES HIM TO HER ABODE WHERE HE FINDS...

MEANWHILE -- IN FAWN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT WHICH IS BEING SUBLET BY FAWN'S GIRL FRIEND, JOAN BAXTER...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT FAWN! PETER TURNER PROMISED TO PHONE ME WHEN HE CONTACTED SKYMAN BUT AS YET I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM!



HIS LINE IS BUSY. I THINK I'LL RUN OUT AND SEE HIM. I HAVEN'T ANY MODELING APPOINTMENT 'TILL THIS AFTERNOON, AND BESIDES HE MIGHT MAKE CONTACT AND I COULD TALK TO FAWN DIRECT!



NEWS-HERALD? THIS IS PETER TURNER. I'VE JUST TRIED AGAIN TO CONTACT SKYMAN-BUT-- TO NO AVAIL! I'M AFRAID I MUST CONCEDE THAT THERE IS LITTLE HOPE IN SUPPOSING THAT HE IS STILL ALIVE!



-- TO--TO THINK THAT I ENCOURAGED HIM IN THIS! OH, I FEEL SO MISERABLE! WHAT AM I TO DO? WHAT'S **THAT?** OH, THE DOORBELL!



WHY, **HELLO** MY DEAR! COME IN PLEASE--I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU--BUT IT WON'T BE VERY EASY!

WHY--MR. TURNER! WHAT'S THE MATTER--? YOU LOOK POSITIVELY **ILL!**



I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR DAYS-- WONDERING, WORRYING! AND NOW, I MUST FACE THE FACT THAT SKYMAN AND FAWN HAVE MET SOME HORRIBLE DEATH!

OH--MR. TURNER! **NO! NO--** IT CAN'T BE! OH-HOW **AWFUL!** ARE YOU SURE--I MEAN-- HOW DO YOU KNOW--?



WE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT! SKYMAN WAS TO CALL ME, USING EARTH TIME, AT THREE AND SIX EVERY AFTERNOON! THREE DAYS HAVE GONE BY---



PLEASE-- LET'S TRY ONCE MORE! **PLEASE!** FOR **MY** SAKE! I MIGHT BE GOOD LUCK! **WILL YOU** MR. TURNER?

ALRIGHT JOAN, WE'LL TRY AGAIN--BUT IT WILL BE THE SAME THING--JUST A **DEAD SILENCE!** I **KNOW** IT!



BIG SHOT



SO! NOW YOU'RE INTERESTED, HUH! WELL, LISTEN! I WAS PRETTY CLOSE TO HITLER SEE-- AND HE TOLD ME WHEN THINGS GOT TOO HOT HE WAS GOIN' TO TAKE OFF FOR THE MOON-- THASS RIGHT--!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH US!



--AN HE HAD A SHIP TOO! A SUPER JET JOB-- YEP-- THASS WHERE HE WENT--!

--WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM, BOB?

TAKE HIM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND QUIZ HIM WHEN HE SOBERS UP! THERE'S OUR FAVORITE NUMBER-- COME ON-- 'LES DANCE?



--BUT I'M POSITIVE I HEARD FAWN'S VOICE JUST AS YOU SWITCHED OFF THE SET!

MY DEAR GIRL! I WOULD'VE HEARD HER TOO-- IF SHE WAS THERE-- BUT I DIDN'T-- **WAIT!**



-- WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM OF MUSICAL INTERLUDES TO BRING YOU AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF PARTICULAR IMPORTANCE! MR. PETER TURNER REVEALED TODAY, THAT HE HAS LITTLE HOPE THAT SKYMAN IS STILL ALIVE. SINCE HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOON THERE HAS BEEN NO WORD AT ALL FROM SKYMAN--



--IT IS INDEED A GREAT LOSS AND THE WORLD SHALL LONG REMEMBER HIM!
ONE MOMENT PLEASE... A BULLETIN HAS JUST BEEN HANDED ME-- **BERLIN:** IT HAS COME TO THE ATTENTION OF U.S. ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN THAT ADOLPH **HITLER** IS ON THE **MOON**. A CERTAIN WALTER SHCAPP-- KNOWN TO BE ONE OF HITLER'S RIGHT-HAND MEN CAME UP WITH THIS ONE--!



-- AND I'M SURE THAT EVERYONE WITHIN SOUND OF MY VOICE JOINS WITH ME IN HOPING THAT HE IS ON THE MOON TO STAY. HE CERTAINLY CAN'T DO ANY HARM UP **THERE!**

BIG SHOT





ANNOUNCING A HEADLINE FEATURE!

STARTING IN
THE **FEB.** ISSUE OF
BIG SHOT COMICS!

MICKEY FINN

BY
LANK LEONARD

GOSH!
MICKEY WHERE
ARE WE?

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AND FUNNIEST
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SHOT!**



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DIXIE DUGAN

BY MC EVOY AND STRIEBEL

DIXIE,
TO HELP
MICKEY
FORGET
HER
THWARTED
MARRIAGE,
HAS TAKEN
HER ON
A TRIP.



BIG SHOT

WHILE DICK HANNOCK EXPLAINS FURTHER TO DIXIE, MICKEY TAKES A LOOK INSIDE THE SKI SHED AND MAKES A DISCOVERY!



I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHING

???



DON'T YOU NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE ???

I'M SORRY, I DON'T! WHAT IS IT ???



LOOK AT THE SKIS AND TOBOGGANS!

OH-I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN-



EVERYTHING'S RUSTY - IN FACT THEY LOOK MOLDY!

AND LOOK AT THE COBWEBS!



IT'S AN AWFULLY CUTE INN! WHY DO YOU S'POSE THEY HAVEN'T HAD GUESTS?

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE PLACE WE HAVEN'T DISCOVERED YET!



MAYBE THERE'S A GOOD REASON WHY NOBODY STAYS HERE -

SHHHH



BIG SHOT



IF DIXIE'D ONLY FALL NOW—

SHE'D AVOID A MUCH BIGGER FALL LATER!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



YOU'RE TEMPORARILY SNOW BLIND! IT'S NOT SERIOUS! SIT DOWN—CLOSE YOUR EYES AND RELAX!



WE OUGHT TO HAVE DARK GOGGLES DONTCHA THINK? WHERE'S THE VILLAGE?

I'LL GET GOGGLES FOR YOU!



BUT I MIGHT AS WELL GO! I WANT TO MAIL SOME LETTERS ANYWAY



UH—YOU BETTER STAY HERE WITH MISS DUGAN! I'LL MAIL YOUR LETTERS TOO!

???



HOW'RE YOU FEELING?

FINE! AND I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW! GOLLY WHAT AN EXPERIENCE SNOW BLINDNESS IS!



WHERE'D DICK HANNOCK GO?

TO THE VILLAGE TO BUY US SOME DARK GOGGLES AND MAIL OUR LETTERS



WHY HERE'S A MAIL BOX!—DON'T THEY SEND THEIR LETTERS FROM HERE?

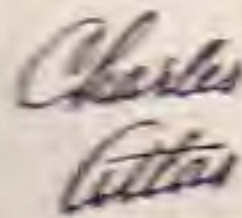
EVIDENTLY NOT—



—AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS THEY DON'T RECEIVE ANY EITHER!

NO GUESTS—NO INCOMING MAIL—THIS CERTAINLY IS A STRANGE INN.

FAME *INSTEAD OF* SHAME



— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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